

I.C.

THE FIVE CENT

MODERN CLOTHING CLOTHING LUXURY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

W. {COMPLETE.}

FRANK TOUSEY & CO.
NEW YORK, December 20, 1890.

orth Moore St., N. Y.
ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

{ PRICE }
{ 5 CENTS. }

Vol. II.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Idoon's Trip Around the World.

II.

By TOM TEASER.

PART II.



Suddenly, as if a block of ice had been placed at the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver. His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world. "Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

The subscription price of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50; \$1.25 per six months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

MULDOON'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

A Very, Very Funny Story.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones," "Muldoon's Grocery Store, Part II," "Muldoon's Grocery Store, Part I," etc., etc.

PART II.

"There's wan quart," said Muldoon.

"Yis, and there's another," said Mulcahey.

"It'll hould all av it," the alderman added.

"It will not," said Muldoon, as the sweet flood reached the brim.

There was still a quart of molasses in the measure when the hat began to overflow.

Eddie Donegal had his hands on his knees as he bent over to take in all the fun.

"Well, I've lost, Terry," said Mulcahey, "but how about the hat?"

"I've got an owner for it," said Muldoon.

Then he wheeled quickly around and dumped the dicer and its sweet contents upon the head of Eddie Donegal, the sport.

Roger had anticipated the move and sent Eddie's hat flying just as Muldoon wheeled.

"There, me buck, there's a sweetener for yez," said Muldoon, as he jammed the hat down on Eddie's head.

Molasses spurted in all directions, and the sport was nearly smothered.

"That'll give yez an excuse to take a bath," said Muldoon. "It's long enough since ye had wan."

Eddie danced and jumped and tried to pull his shooter, but the gang only howled.

"That's for the syrup," said Muldoon, as he tossed the grocer a dollar. "Come an, byes. Mulcahey, yez can buy me a new hat and I'll call it aven."

"Begor, that's wan av the times yez didn't bite, Muldoon," said the alderman.

"Be heavens, yez must think I've just landed, alderman," said Muldoon with a laugh.

"I had that same thrick wid a hat-

ful av molasses played an me wanst, and be a Californian, and now I'm aven. I

don't think Mr. Eddie Donegal will thry to play anny more jokes an Terrence Muldoon or aven show his ugly mug around where I am."

"Pop isn't as green as he looks," chuckled Roger. "If Eddie hadn't been around you couldn't have made him bite at that molasses snap."

"I h'ard the vilyan snickering in his sleeve," added Muldoon, "and I med up me moind that I'd get aven wid him, and I think I have a putty good balance in me favor now."

"So you have," laughed the alderman, and the rest agreed with him.

Muldoon was kept pretty busy that day, making arrangements for his departure, and when night came he was regularly used up.

"Faix, I think I'll imitate the burruds and go to roost early," he mused, as he sat in the reading-room smoking.

"Why, it's not eight o'clock yet, pop," said Roger. "Mother and I and Kitty are going to the theater; don't you want to come?"

"Indeed and I don't, me young dude. The play-house has no attractions for me the night. I believe I'd go to sleep av they wor playing the funniest thing ye iver h'ard, and av all the people were laughin' themselves crazy."

"Sleepy, eh?"

"Oh, my—oh, my, I'm that sleepy that I don't know whether I'm on foot or in the cars. Go on to the theayter, you. I'll do the sleep act meself."

"Mother may get to flirting, pop, if you're not there to watch her," said that mischievous youth.

"Begorrah, av I was there wid her she might flirt the head off her and I'd niver know it. I'd be asleep in tin minyutes afther I sat down."

"Why don't you take a walk, then, and get waked up a bit?"

"Begob, av I did it's somnambulizing I'd be doing, and there's no knowing phwat I might do in that case."

"Well, then, you'd better go to bed, for you generally give us a picnic when you get to sleep walking. You might wander all over the city before we found you."

"Faiv, I've given that up this manny a year," replied Muldoon, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

He had been a great fist at this sort of thing in former years, as those who are familiar with his history can testify, but of late he had done nothing in that line.

Roger and his mother went to the theater, taking Kitty Clyde along, while Muldoon sought his downy couch soon after they had left the house.

When Roger returned he remained down-stairs to talk to the clerk, the ladies proceeding at once to their rooms.

By-and-by there was no one left in the office but Roger and the clerk, the hall boys dozing on a bench outside and all as quiet as the grave.

Roger sat inside the office with the clerk, who was a very entertaining young fellow, and listened to his yarns, both of them smoking.

"Gets pretty lonesome down here sometimes, don't it?" asked Roger.

"Yes, now and then. Little bit spooky at times."

"I suppose you think that every strange sound is a ghost, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly that, for I don't believe in 'em, but then it's lonesome enough."

"I don't take any stock in spirits myself, but there are people, and sensible ones too, who—"

"Great Scott!" muttered the clerk, starting back.

Roger looked at him, thinking that he was trying to work up a racket by a pretended fright.

There was no pretense about this, however.

The fellow's hair stood on end, his knees shook, and he was really frightened.

Then Roger turned his head to the point toward which the clerk's gaze seemed directed.

"Thunder and blazes, what's that?"

In the doorway stood a figure all in white, from his head to his heels.

Not a sound had been heard, and how the thing could have approached without being heard was a mystery.

Neither Roger nor the clerk stopped to ask questions, however, but bolted out of one door as the specter noiselessly entered the other.

"Did you see it?" gasped the clerk.

"Of course I did."

"This ain't a snap, is it?"

"A snap?"

"Yes, a joke to scare me!"

"Why, good gracious, I was as much broken up as you."

"Wonder how it got there? Who's ghost is it, anyhow?"

"You might send one of the boys for its card."

"Don't joke, young fellow," said the clerk, with a sigh. "This is a warning to one of us."

They were both in the rotunda now, the ghostly visitor being hidden from sight in the office.

"I say, we've got to brace up," said Roger,

"A spook can't hurt us. Let's go and investigate."

"No, no, I wouldn't do it for the world. I'll send one of the boys."

"You better not tell 'em it's a ghost then, or you won't be able to get 'em to move a step."

"Well, we can't have a ghost staying in there all night," said the young fellow, petulantly.

"Perhaps he will register, and then we can find out who he is and where he comes from."

"For heaven's sake, don't joke on such a subject," gasped the clerk.

Roger had recovered from his first surprise and was now more collected.

He knew that there must be some reasonable explanation for the strange appearance which had so frightened them.

Consequently he determined to make an investigation.

"Come on," he said to his companion. "I'm going to see what the thing is."

"Don't!" exclaimed the other in a startled whisper as Roger advanced toward the office door.

"Nonsense!" and in he went.

He gave one glance and then beckoned to the clerk.

What the two saw was this:

A figure in white seated in a chair tipped back on its hind legs, his feet on a table and a cigar in his mouth.

For a ghost, he was having the easiest time on record.

"Well! I'm blowed!" cried Roger. "It's pop as sure as I'm alive."

"Muldoon?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, sleep walking. He's the healthiest looking ghost I ever met."

PART XIII.

SO the ghost that had so startled Roger and the night clerk at the hotel turned out to be Muldoon after all.

That was the size of it.

His fatigue, his going to bed at such an unusual time, and perhaps his talking of the thing, had resulted in his walking in his sleep.

He was making the best of it, for he occupied the clerk's chair, was smoking one of the clerk's cigars, and seemed to be enjoying himself generally.

All he had on was his night shirt and socks, which accounted for his noiseless tread upon entering the office.

His eyes were open, but his fixed stare told Roger that he was sound asleep and knew nothing of what was going on.

"Pop's got it again," said the young fellow.

"Got what again?" inquired the clerk.

"Somnambulism."

"Does he have it often?"

"Oh, about once a week," answered Roger, soberly.

This was not the case, but that jolly joker thought he'd have some fun at the clerk's expense.

"The deuce you say!" muttered the other, whose name, by the way, was Perkins.

"Fact, I assure you, and he's very dangerous at such times."

"Dangerous!"

"You've got it."

"In what way?"

"Why, if you wake him up when he's that way there's danger of his scalping you."

"Scalping!"

"Yes; or of chewing your ears off, or of making a football of your cocoanut."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, he always fancies he is a pirate or an Indian or a cannibal at these times, and if you wake him there's no telling what he won't do."

"Good gracious! he may sleep there all night!"

"No; he will get up after a time, and that's when you want to look out for him."

"Why, what can I do?"

"Keep out of his way. If he hears you breathe, when he begins to stir, he will awake and fly like a tiger at the first thing he sees."

"He must be a terror," said Perkins, the cold perspiration standing out upon his manly brow.

"You can bet your boots he is," returned Roger.

Meanwhile Muldoon smoked on, unconscious, while Roger was thinking how he could manage to wake him up without Perkins suspecting him.

The thing worked itself out all right.

As Muldoon smoked, the ash on the end of his cigar accumulated till it was over an inch in length.

Had Muldoon been awake he would have looked out for it.

Now it looked out for itself.

The hot ash suddenly fell off and struck Muldoon on the leg where that necessary member chanced to be exposed.

If you don't know how it feels to have a lot of hot cigar ashes fall on a tender part of your body, just try it once.

Muldoon got it solid, and a blister as big as a quarter was the immediate result.

Another consequence was that he awoke with a howl and a start, and began to prance around like a caged lunatic.

"Now's your time," whispered Roger to Perkins. "Look out! he's coming for you sure!"

"Be heavens, I'll be burned alive," howled Muldoon. "Phwat's the matter anyhow?"

With that he made a bolt, upset poor Perkins and dashed out into the rotunda like a wild Indian.

Perkins yelled as though his positively last appearance on any stage had come, while Roger indulged in a grin.

Then Muldoon took a tumble and realized where he was and what he had been doing.

"Begob, it's walking in me sleep I am," he muttered. "That comes av goin' to bed wid the larks. I'd rather go after a lark, I'm thinking, for thin I can sleep like a top, so I can."

"Hallo, governor," sang out Roger, "been to a fancy ball? I see you are in undress uniform."

"Go an, ye moth-eaten dude," cried Muldoon in disgust. "What med ye put the idee av sleep-walkin' into me head. Av it wasn't for ye I'd be quite sleeping in me virtuous couch at this minyute."

"Look out, pop, there's women coming," hissed that bold, bad boy.

That was enough for Muldoon.

He did not consider himself at all dressed for company.

He made a break and went flying up the stairs, three steps at a time.

Then Perkins got up, looked wildly around, and gasped:

"Has he gone?"

"Yes; but you had a narrow escape of it."

"You don't say!"

"Oh, yes. If I had not suddenly attracted his attention, he would have bitten both your ears off."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, pop's a regular man-eater when he has one of his fits," said Roger solemnly.

Perkins swallowed it all, and his bangs fairly wilted.

"Well, I'm mighty glad that he's going away to-morrow, then," he muttered with great joyfulness. "I wouldn't stay in the same house with a man like that for twice my salary."

"No, it's pretty dangerous, for pop hates dudes, and it's a wonder to me that you still live to tell the tale."

Then that cheeky young rascal wasted himself off, leaving Perkins in doubt as to whether that last remark was intended for himself or some other fellow.

The next day the Muldoon party took itself off, and our hero set out upon the second stage of his journey.

Mulcahey, the alderman, Eddie Donegal, Gallagher, the major and a lot more, saw Muldoon off, and wished him all sorts of good luck upon his trip.

When they were about to start, the last bell having rung, along came Professor Wiggins in hot haste, followed by his baggage on a hand cart.

"Be heavens, it's the professor," said Muldoon, "and he do be takin' the wrong boat. It's to Australia he's goin' and this steamer goes to China. That man's absent-mindedness will get him into trouble one av those days."

Wiggins was hauled on board, bag and baggage, and away went the steamer.

"Pon my word, I came very near forgetting it again," he muttered. "If I hadn't accidentally learned that you had gone, I really believe I would have forgotten all about it."

"It's to Australia ye're going, is it not?" said Muldoon, coming forward.

"Yes."

"Then ye'll have to go be the way av China, for that's where we're goin'."

"China!" said Wiggins, not the least put out.

"Yes."

"Ah, a very interesting country, very."

"But it's to Australia ye're bound?"

"Yes, but that does not matter. I can leave the steamer at the Sandwich Islands."

"Troth, we don't stop there at all. We go away to the north av them."

"Are you sure of that?" for Roger was grinning.

"Yis. Ax me son where we do be going. He has full charge av the itinerary. Oh, my! Oh, my! me jaw is broke. I'll never thry to say a worrud like that agin."

"Pretty tough, wasn't it, pop?" asked Roger, laughing. "Where did you find it?"

"In the railroad guide. Faix, av a thain ran agen that worrud there'd be a wreck sure. We're goin' to China, are we not, me bye?"

"Not this time, pop, and the professor is right for once. I had the tickets changed when I found that we wouldn't stop at the Sandwich Islands."

"And thin it's to Australia we're goin'?"

"Yes."

"Hurroo! It's a goold hunter I'll be and go home loaded wid dust and nuggets as big as me head!" cried Muldoon, enthusiastically.

"Yis, and thin have somebody come along and chate the eyeteeth out av yez," remarked his wife.

"Ye have no sintiment about ye at all, me fairy queen av modern toimes," retorted Muldoon; "ye think only av the sordid soide av loife."

"It's practical I am, Terry, and I'm tellin' ye that av ye came out av the moines wid a ton av goold yez wouldn't have a lump as big as a praty whin ye got home. Ye'd give away half and be shwindled out av two-thirds av it."

"It's a foine head for figures ye have, Bedalia," said Muldoon with a chuckle. "Ye make me lose more than I had."

"Well, ye can be relied an to do it aisy enough," responded Mrs. Muldoon complacently.

That was a settler, and our hero went off to enjoy the view of the harbor.

There were one or two days of seasickness, and after that Muldoon showed up as fresh as a daisy, and was not long in making friends with all on board.

They had been out nearly a week and Roger had not played a single snap upon that unsuspecting parent of his.

Muldoon came out of the saloon one pleasant afternoon, and, seeing nobody about, walked aft.

Here he could see a man seated upon the rail, not far from the stern, with his feet hanging outside.

"Luck at the sucker, be heavens," he muttered. "He do have no more sinse than a bye. Begorrah, he'll lose his head next and go overboard."

No sooner said than accomplished.

There was a shriek, the man toppled over head first and was gone.

"He's done it, begorrah—he's done it!" cried Muldoon excitedly, making a dash for the side.

He cast one glance at the foaming waters in the wake of the steamer, and then yelled with all his might:

"Man overboard! Stop the ship! Go back and pick him up! Man overboard!"

A crowd of men, women and children, officers, sailors and passengers came hurrying up.

Where they came from so suddenly, when the deck had been deserted but a moment before, was a mystery.

"Stop the ship, lower a boat—trow him a life-preserver!" cried Muldoon, dancing around in the utmost excitement. "The poor man'll be dhrowned av yez don't do something!"

"Man overboard!" was the cry that ran all through the ship.

"It's mesilf that seen him fall," said Muldoon, in explanation to the crowd that had gathered around him. "He wor sitting on the rail, right here, and I wor about to inform him av the hazardness av his situation, whin over he wint like a shot into the wather."

"Who was it, Mr. Muldoon?" asked Kitty Clyde. "Did you know him?"

"His back was toward me, mo dear Miss Kitty, and I did not recognize his fatures from that p'int."

"It wasn't Roger, was it?" asked Kitty, turning pale.

"It wor not; it wor a bigger man than him. Begob, it moight be the professor now, he's that absent-moinded that it's a wondher he doesn't walk over—"

"Professor Wiggins! Oh, how awful!" shrieked Kitty. "Poor, dear man, I shall be sorry to lose him from our party."

Meantime, the steamer's speed had slackened, a boat had been lowered and could now be seen pulling toward a black object that bobbed up and down on the foam-crested waves.

The steamer made a long sweep so as to lie by, for it is no easy matter to stop a big vessel like that when going at full speed.

"Begob, I think they'll save him yet," muttered Muldoon, looking over the rail, "and it's a life preserver I am. Sure I ought to have gon' in the boat, be rights."

Where was Roger during all this excitement?

Where he could see and hear all that went on, but out of sight of his deluded dad.

"They have him, they're picking him up, it's a saver av life I am, be me prisince av moind,

his chest measurement increasing by several inches.

The steamer's speed was now stopped, and she waited for the men in the boat to come up with her.

They were a good distance off, for the steamer had been forging ahead all the time after the alarm was given until the boat was down, and this distance had to be gone over twice.

Muldoon felt as big as an ox and all the officers and men knew that he was the hero of the occasion, for he made no bones of telling them so.

Considerable time and distance had been lost, but then these were nothing when the saving of life was considered.

The officer examined the prostrate form on the deck.

Then he and all hands saw that it was only a dummy.

The man was a dummy, made up of an old suit of clothes stuffed with papers and a couple of inflated bladders, to make it float.

Muldoon's heroism collapsed like a toy balloon with a pin stuck in it.

That wasn't the worst of it, though.

"What do you mean, sir, by deceiving us all in this style, getting up all this excitement, and making us lose half an hour by your infernal practical jokes?" demanded the first officer of Muldoon.

"What do yez mane be addhressin' me in that purrumpitory tone, sor?" asked Muldoon,



Muldoon would have run away, but a couple of sailors grabbed him and held him fast. "Oh, my! oh, my, pwhat's going to happen now?" sighed Muldoon. "Silence and obey my orders, or I will take you with me to the bottom of the sea!" roared Neptune.

in giving the alarrum so quickly," exclaimed Muldoon, waving his hat.

He was a mighty hero in his own eyes, and felt so big that it was a wonder his clothes didn't burst.

"It's a goold medal I'll get and have me name in all the papers," he went on, his face glowing with pleasure. "'Terrence Muldoon, Esquire, av New York, late sinator, restoired from active life and makin' the tower av the worruld in company wid his wife and son, lately performed a deed av great valor, whin an the way from Frisco to the Sandwich Islands.' Sure, that's how it'll read, and it'll make a great sinsation whin me frinds see it in the papers. I'll have it put in all av them."

"They've picked him up!" cried one of Muldoon's auditors.

"They're coming back," said another. "We are scarcely moving now."

Just then Mrs. Muldoon came along with Kitty.

"They do tell me that ye saw the man fall overboard and that ye gave the forst alarrum, Terry," said the proud wife.

"So I did and it's a hero I am."

"I'm proud av ye, Terry."

"I'm proud av mesilf," answered Muldoon,

Finally the boat came alongside and the men scrambled up by means of a ladder let down over the side.

One of the men brought with him the rescued one.

He seemed quite limp and lifeless as he hung over the man's shoulder.

"Poor fellow! he's quite exhausted."

"Give him some brandy and charge it to me, captain dear. I'll not have it said that the man died from want av attention afther bein' so gallantly rescued, begob."

"If you're goin' to give anybody brandy, mate, you'd better give it to me, 'cause this fellow don't drink," said the sailor who carried the rescued.

Then he dumped the latter on deck, very unceremoniously, and gave him a kick which sent him flying.

"What a shame!"

"How can he be so brutal?"

"Throw him overboard."

"Take the poor man into the cabin."

"Who is he anyhow?"

Questions flew like the leaves in the fall, but nobody answered them.

"What's the matter with you, Williamson?"

said the chief officer, coming forward.

"That thing is no good, and we've had all our work for nothing."

getting his own mad up at the officer's strong language.

"You ought to be put in irons, that's what you ought. Fine joke wasn't it! We lose an hour's time, and everybody gets excited, and all we do is to pick up a dummy which you had thrown overboard."

"Shame, shame!"

"Fine hero he is!"

"He ought to be fined!"

"Lock him up anyhow!"

"Yes, sir, I think so, too, and if I was captain of this ship I'd do it," continued the mate.

"What fur?"

"For hoaxing us with your old dummy, you Irish idiot."

"Ye're a loiar, and don't know the truth whi ye see it. I did not trow the dummy overboord, nor did I know that it was a dummy till this minyute."

"You didn't?"

"I did not, faith."

"Then you're a bigger fool than I thought, for anybody can see what the thing is forty feet away."

"You'd better not play any more jokes of this kind while you're on board," said the second mate, "or we'll throw you overboard."

"Go on, ye toy sailor, and don't be shooting

off yer mouth to me," said Muldoon. "I cud split ye in two and make toothpicks av the pieces. Go on, ye salt water dude."

The officer was a bit of a dandy, and Muldoon's language was not at all relished.

"Don't you dare to insult me," he blustered, "or I'll have you ironed for mutiny."

All hands were down on Muldoon for what they considered a heartless joke, and the poor man was obliged to go away and hide.

"Av I wor guessing who put that job up, I think I'd name Roger the forst wan," he muttered, as he hurried off. "If it were meant for me to bite at, I got it sure enough, and if it wor not, I fell into the thrap like the sucker I am. Bedaila is right. I'll niver have sinse enough to kape from bein' sucked in till I'm dead, begob."

Muldoon was no hero after this, for everybody believed that he had thrown the dummy overboard so as to get up a sensation.

He did not charge Roger with the trick, for he could not prove it, and so thought it best to say nothing.

He had not seen the young joker pull on a little line attached to the dummy and so yank him overboard at the proper time, and did not even know about it, though there was such a line, all the same.

A few days after this Roger fixed up a job with the first officer and a couple of sailors, Muldoon being the intended victim.

It was a lovely morning, and Muldoon came on deck arrayed in the giddy suit which he had been stuck on in Frisco, and wearing also a high white dicer, checked gaiters over his shoes, a spotted shirt and a scarf that would have done excellent duty as a lighthouse, it was such a blazer.

Roger was not visible, but he was around, all the same, and in good trim for the anticipated circus.

"Good-morning, Mr. Muldoon," said the mate, "I see you are expecting company to-day."

"Company, is it, out in the middle av the ocean? Is it off yer head ye are?"

"Not a bit. It's just the right place to expect company. Father Neptune always comes aboard in these latitudes."

"Who did ye say?"

"Father Neptune."

"And who the mischief is Father Neptune? Does he have a church on the say?"

There was a roar of laughter from the bystanders, and the mate replied:

"No, he don't have a church, but he's King of the Sea. You must have heard of him."

"Faith, I think I have. Is he the ould duffer that has a pitchfork in his hand wid a crown an his head and a long beard, and does be ridin' in a shell drawn be suckers or some other quare-looking fish wid big mouths?"

"That's the same one, and he boards every vessel that has fresh travelers on it to make them salt and fit them for travel."

"Faix, I didn't see um whin I wint abroad before."

"No, for he only lives in the Pacific. He ought to be—"

"Ship ahoy!" cried a hoarse voice from the water.

"There he is now!" cried the mate. "Lower the ladder for his royal highness."

A ladder was put over the side, and up came a queer-looking figure, all wet with sea water, a big trident in his hand, a tin crown on his head, and a robe of dripping sea-weed hanging from his shoulders, and strings of shells strung all over him.

He wore green tights and sandals, had long white hair and a flowing beard, spoke in fog-horn tones, and was a most terrible creature to look at altogether.

Muldoon shook in his gaiters, for he failed to recognize Roger in that disguise, and thought that his last hour had come.

The sea god thumped on the deck with his trident, pointed to Muldoon, and said imperiously:

"Seize the strange intruder into my dominions, and put him through his initiation."

Muldoon would have run away, but a couple of sailors grabbed him and held him fast.

"Oh, my! oh, my, phwat's going to happen now?" sighed Muldoon.

"Silence and obey my orders, or I will take you with me to the bottom of the sea!" roared Neptune.

Muldoon held his tongue and wished that he was safe on land once more, where Father Neptune would not dare venture.

"It's a corpse I am already," he wailed. "How did he know I wor fresh? Begob, if I dared, I'd take a round out av him for that!"

PART XIV.

THE King of the Deep had boarded the steamer on which Muldoon was a passenger, and had at once pointed out our hero as a stranger in those parts, and had ordered him to be seized and put through a course of sprouts, that he might be thoroughly salted.

It was all a huge joke on Muldoon.

The latter never dropped, however.

Master Roger was made up as Neptune, and the mate and sailors were all in the secret.

"What is your name, rash stranger?" asked Father Neptune when Muldoon was brought before him.

"Terrence Muldoon, av New York."

"You're Irish, you snoozer," said the monarch in a vein of levity.

"I know it, yer honor, and I'm glad av it," answered Muldoon stoutly.

"Ever been here before?"

"I have not."

"Where are you going?"

"Around the worruld, begob."

"And do you dare to enter my domains without preparing for such a trip?"

"Sure, I have prepared, yer honor," answered the trembling Muldoon. "Haven't I laid in a supply av whisky and tobacco to last me six months!"

"That is not enough. You must be salted. What ho, my minions!"

Half a score of sailors gathered in a ring behind Neptune, the passengers watching the scene from a distance.

"Phwat are they doin' wid Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon of Wiggins.

"Initiating him into some secret society. All sailors belong to it I understand."

"Faix Terry wor always wan to belong to thim things. I don't know how manny he's a member av now. He's in the Rid Min and the Knights av Industry and the ancient order av hod carriers, and the frindly sons av St. Bridget, and a dozen more that I can't remimber."

"Very interesting," said Wiggins, musingly, though it would have been hard to say what he was thinking of at that moment, having forgotten all about Muldoon.

"Hold up your hands," said Neptune to his minions, and they obeyed as one man.

Then they began to chatter a lot of gibberish in a low tone, and poor Muldoon was greatly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Bring forth the royal vessels," cried Neptune, sitting on an inverted deck bucket, over which a wet tarpaulin had been thrown.

Two buckets were brought, brimming with salt water.

They were placed in front of Muldoon, who looked at them in dismay.

"Have I got to drirk all that?" he muttered.

"Silence!" thundered the mighty monarch.

Then our hero was suddenly lifted up and planted with one foot in each bucket of water.

"Begorrah, me spring-bottom pants will be ruined," he wailed.

"Silence!"

"I'm as dumb as an oyster, yer honor. Is there anny more av the ceremony to be gon' through wid?"

"Give him a bath!" cried Neptune.

A big sailor began playing a hose upon Muldoon at the word, while all the rest held up their hands and chanted their mystic songs.

Poor Muldoon.

It was worse than the deluge.

He got salt water in his eyes and mouth, his dicer was knocked off, and he felt as wet as if he had been drowned.

He tried to dodge the stream, but he got it all the same, and a more wretched mortal it would have been hard to imagine at that moment.

"Hould an, hould an, I'm salt enough," he began to yell.

The fellow with the hose took Muldoon's mouth for a barrel, evidently, for he suddenly sent a stream of water flying down it.

Over went Muldoon, water buckets and all, flat on the deck.

He was wet enough before, in all conscience, but now he was worse.

He couldn't have been wetter if he had been taken and thrown into the sea.

He was wet from head to foot, inside and out, top and bottom, and water was running off of him in buckets.

He started up, and a pail of water struck him amidships and knocked him flat.

Once more he essayed to rise, but once more

the gentle shower struck him and keeled him on his beams' ends.

A third time he made the attempt, and this time he succeeded in getting upon his feet.

Half a dozen sailors were hard at work polishing off the decks.

"Come now, get out of the way there!" said the bo's'n, who was bossin' the job, to Muldoon.

That worthy man looked all around, rubbed his eyes, and then looked again.

There was no sign of Father Neptune nor of the chanting sailors, nor of any of the mummery which he had lately witnessed.

"Be heavens! he's gon' as quick as he came," muttered Muldoon, "and I can't tell if I am a threue ould salt or not."

"Come—come, get out of the way there," cried the bo's'n. "Don't you see the men want to work?"

"Where is Father Neptune gon' so sudden?" asked Muldoon.

"Who?"

"Father Neptune, the king av the say, begob. He was here just now."

"Guess you've been drinkin', haven't you?" asked the bo's'n, with a grin.

"Salt wather is all I've drank; if ye allude to me bein' tipsy, I deny it intoirely."

"There ain't been any kings of the sea or land on this deck this morning, mate," continued the bo's'n, "and that's straight."

"I tell yez I saw old Nep himself sittin' on a bucket right forinst me here."

"Guess you must have better eyes than the rest of us, then. Did you see anything of old Nep to-day, boys?"

"No, sir," said the gang, all shaking their heads.

"I told you the reckonin' was wrong, mate," said the bo's'n.

"Begob I know I did see him, and that he gave me an insoight into the life av a sailor, and now I want to know where he's gon'."

"The majority's agin you, mate," said the bo's'n. "Greenies often see more'n old sailors. Wouldn't spin that Neptune yarn if I was you. Folks might think you'd been tackling the grog too much."

"I'm a temperate man, and I'll swear that I saw ould Nep sittin' here an the bucket."

"All right. When I've got a watch below I'll listen to your yarn, mate, but just now I'm busy."

Then Muldoon had to get out of the way of the men cleaning the deck, for nobody would answer him.

He found some sailors in another part of the ship and asked them if they had seen old Neptune, but they laughed and said that he never showed up except when vessels were crossing the line, and that they were now a long way north of that.

From nobody could he get a confirmation of his Neptune story, and at last he began to think that maybe he had been dreaming the whole thing.

When about to enter the main saloon he met Roger, looking as unconscious as a lamb.

"Hallo, pop, have you been taking a swim?" asked the young fellow.

"I have not. Did ye see the king av the say just now, me bye?"

"The king of the sea? Who's that, pop?"

"Neptune, av coorse."

"Has he been around?"

"Yes, and I was most drowned be the sucker. Have ye seen him?"

"Why, pop, you must be dreaming. Neptune never comes on board ships except when they are crossing the line."

"Phwat line is that, Roger? Can ye see it an the wather?"

"No, no, it's an imaginary line, the equator, that divides the earth in two, so that we get north and south."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yes."

"And Neptune only comes an boord whin ye cross that line that divides the north from the south?"

"Only then, pop."

"And have we been crassing it the morning?"

"Of course not. We ain't within a thousand miles of it."

"Then, be heavens, the sucker that put me through wor an imposthor and had no right to the title. It's a swindle, and whin I meet Neptune I'll tell him so."

"But there hasn't anybody been on board, dad."

"If ividence is annything," muttered Muldoon, "I'm lying and ivery wan else tells the truth, seein' that the majar'ty rules; but av I know annything, I know I've been med a

sucker av wanst more, and it's time I was salted, for I'm too frash intorely."

Then he went off to change his soaked and ruined garments, while Roger enjoyed a quiet laugh over the complete and gratifying success of his latest snap.

For two or three days things went along all serene, the weather being fine, the passengers all in good health and spirits, and all hands enjoying themselves right up to the top notch.

One day, as Muldoon came on deck in company with Roger, there seemed to be something going on in the forward part of the steamer.

Shouts of laughter could be heard, and there was evidently lots of fun going on.

"Phwat seems to be the meaning av the

bloind soide he'd dig the heart outav him wid his spurs before he c'u'd turn 'round."

"Oh, this isn't a live rooster. It's only a game."

"A game rooster, is it? Be heavens, he'd have to be very game if he has but wan eye."

"Oh, no, it's a play rooster, a make-believe one. There he is, on the deck."

"Oh, I see!" cried Muldoon, now noticing the figure of a large rooster drawn in chalk on the deck.

The figure lacked an eye and Muldoon began to take a tumble.

"Oh, I perceive," he said. "The game is to pit the eye on the burrud?"

"That's it."

"And how is it performed?"

"Don't he look sweet?"

"What a lovely complexion!"

"A little too dark for beauty."

"Oh, no, he's too pale."

"Phwat did ye put in me eyes?" cried Muldoon, rubbing them.

The more he rubbed the more the crowd laughed.

It was no wonder.

Muldoon's face looked like a combination of ghost and sweep.

That joking sailor had thrown a mixture of soot from the galley stove-pipe and moist whitening in Muldoon's face.

Consequently he looked like the spotted boy or like the piebald man of a recent novel.

Here was a black spot over one eye, a white



"Give him a bath!" cried Neptune. A big sailor began playing the hose upon Muldoon at the word, while all the rest held up their hands and chanted their mystic songs.

hilarity, Roger?" asked Muldoon, sticking a quizzing glass in his eye and looking awfully swell.

"Some sailor's game, I guess," answered Roger.

"Faix, they do be workin' hard enough, generally, to be allowed to have some recreation," muttered Muldoon. "Let's go and look an, me bye. I don't doubt that we shall be idifit."

Muldoon and Roger went forward just as another burst of laughter arose, and somebody dashed out of the crowd and hurried aft.

"Phwat's goin' an?" asked Muldoon, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Oh, we're trying to give the rooster his eye," said one of the sailors, with a chuckle. "Do you want to try it?"

"Give the rooster his eye!" cried Muldoon, in surprise. "Is he bloind?"

"This one is?"

"Well, faix, if he has wan eye can't he see wid that?"

"Oh, he's only got one?"

"How did he lose the other wan? In a fight?"

"He never had but wan."

"Niver had but wan eye! Begob, he must be a curiosity. He'd be a bad wan to put in a cock-pit, for av the other rooster got on his

"Why, you take a bit of chalk, let somebody blind you and then try and put the eye in the right place."

"That's it, is it?"

"Yes."

"Begob, I could foind the eye av the burrud ivery time."

"Bet you don't," cried several of the spectators.

"I'll take yez up," answered Muldoon readily. "How much av this do yez want, a dollar's worth?"

"Bet you a dollar you won't give the rooster his eye in three trials."

"I'm wid ye. Give me the bit av chalk."

A lump of chalk as big as his fist was given to Muldoon, and he carefully noted the position of the rooster on the deck.

"Now blind me," he said.

"All right," said the sailor, who had explained the game to Muldoon.

He had a white cloth in his hand and as he came up to Muldoon he dove his other hand into it and flung something slap into our hero's eyes.

"Howly shmoke!" yelled Muldoon, "I'm bloind."

Then all hands roared.

"Didn't you tell me to blind you?" cried the sailor, with a laugh.

one under the other, and a hybrid one on the end of his nose, while his forehead presented an assortment of colors.

Of course, the more he rubbed to get the stuff out of his eyes, the worse he made matters.

Instead of getting the color off he only ground it in the deeper, for soot is very sticky stuff and can only be removed by the process of skinning or by a liberal application of hot water and soft soap.

How the crowd did yell when Muldoon began to polish his face and hands a deep black or a mottled gray.

"Phwat are yez laughing at?" he demanded, indignantly.

Then he caught sight of his hands, the stuff having been removed from his eyes.

He ceased to wonder at the merriment of the gang.

"Begob, ye have colored me eyes for me, and now I'll have to return the compliment."

Then he made a dash for that funny sailor man, intending to put his eye in mourning.

The fellow was two sudden for Muldoon.

He let the latter have the whole mixture of soot and whitening right in the mug.

Of course poor Muldoon was blinded for the second time.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the joker, getting out of Muldoon's way.

Then the spectators loosened their buttons for fear of losing them and went into spasms again.

"Be heavens, I'm bloind," yelled Muldoon digging his eyes out once more.

His face was a study in black and white that any artist might be proud of.

Perhaps Muldoon was no artist, for he didn't feel proud worth remarking about.

First he got mad and wanted to swab the deck with the whole crowd.

Then he suddenly discovered what a jack-donkey he was making of himself, and took a vacation.

He likewise took a go-as-you-please walk for the cabin, beating all contestants by several laps.

"The idee av puttin' an eye an the rooster wor all a delusion," he muttered. "Begob, ivery time there's anny fishing for suckers going an, I'm sure to be cot."

Roger enjoyed this little racket, for he had not worked it, knew nothing about it beforehand, and could not be accused of putting it up.

"Poor dad," he laughed, "his verdancy sticks out all over him, and he swallows bait just like any other sucker, and always gets taken in, besides."

"Faith, I can't accuse Roger av having a hand in this," muttered Muldoon, as he proceeded to scrub his face with soap, water and a brush. "I had two hands in it, meself, however, and foine hands they are now. Begob, av I didn't know different I'd think I wor a naygur."

It took him the greater part of the forenoon to remove the soot from his face, and as considerable skin went with it, he looked as if he had boiled or peeled by the time the operation was over.

A liberal anointing with vaseline and cold cream took out the soreness, but then his face gleamed like a lighthouse in a mist.

"Faix, I've h'ard av min's faces shining," he remarked, as he surveyed himself in the glass, "and mine is wan av them koind. Phwat shall I do to remove the oleaginous superabundance?"

A box of face powder used by his wife stood near and forthwith Muldoon grabbed the puff and powdered himself most abundantly.

The powder was pink and made him look like a cherub, but he did not notice the difference in the semi-obscurity of the stateroom.

He went on deck, feeling sure that everything was lovely, but a titter arose from all hands the moment he appeared.

"Pop has been powdering again, the giddy dear," whispered Roger.

"I should think a man would have more sense," snapped an old maid who overheard the remark.

"Oh, Mr. Muldoon, you look too sweet for anything," cried Kitty, who was making some fancy work for Mrs. Muldoon.

"Faix, it's mighty vain ye are, Terry," said Mrs. Muldoon, who did not know about the rooster affair. "Since whin did yez begin to to use pink powder?"

"It's not pink, it's white, and I put it an to raymove the tan from me face," replied Muldoon.

"Wor yer soidewhiskers tanned too, Terry?" asked his wife, smiling. "Ye have as much an them as au yer face."

"If you have red whiskers, pop, people will be calling for the white horse," said Roger.

"Begob, thin, av it's a white jackass they want, yez can answer the call at wanst," retorted Muldoon as he beat a retreat.

Then the story of the rooster got around, and Mrs. Muldoon laughed till she cried.

"That's just like Terry!" she exclaimed. "Be the toime he learns wisdom enough not to be cot be the jokes that do be goin' around he'll be ready to die."

Muldoon was of the same opinion, and resolved that he would have nothing to do with anything that wasn't square and fair on the face.

Whether he kept his resolution or not will be discovered as we proceed.

PART XV.

MULDOON had made a resolution not to be caught by any more jokes, if not for life, as least as long as he remained on board the steamer.

As far as that went he kept his resolution, for neither Roger nor any one else played any more rackets on him during the voyage.

One reason for this was that the voyage soon came to an end, or a part of it, at least.

The steamer touched at Honolulu, and here the Muldoons disembarked, our hero desiring to rest awhile before continuing his journey.

Muldoon and his wife, Roger, Kitty, Wiggins, the parrot and the pug dog, all went ashore and put up at a place called the United States Hotel, Muldoon being attracted to it by the name.

"It's at home I'll think I am wid such a name in me moind all the time," he observed, "and faix, if King Calico had anny sense he'd give up trying to pay off the mortgage an his throne, and annix himself to Ameriky at wanst."

"How could he do that, Terry?" asked his wife. "Sure the islands are too far away to jine on to Ameriky, and they couldn't be towed. Some av the little wans might get lost."

"Sure we could make foreign colonies av them, me dear, and thin there'd be no juty on the sandwiches we imparted."

Roger snickered, Miss Kitty smiled, Wiggins awoke from a nap and looked wise, and Muldoon went off for a walk feeling that he had put his foot in it again, though he hardly knew how.

The next day, after a good night's rest, the whole party set out to visit the city and the principal island, reserving the other sights to be seen on the group for other days.

Honolulu, as most of our readers may know, or if they don't, they ought to, is the capital and largest city of the group of twelve islands, being situated on the south side of Oahu, and has a population of fifteen thousand.

Here is where the king lives, his palace and many of the public buildings being composed of coral, which is as cheap a building material there as bricks are here, and maybe cheaper, seeing that it grows wild all over the place.

After tramping over the city for a long time, till the ladies were tired, Muldoon and Roger took a carriage and drove out into the suburbs, leaving Wiggins to escort Mrs. Muldoon and Kitty back to the hotel.

The driver of the carriage was white and an American, and, besides being a good guide, was quite a wag as well.

After driving all around the island he was returning to the city, when Muldoon espied a large deserted house standing back from the road.

"Phwat place is that, Williamson?" he asked. "Sure, there don't seem to be any wan living in it."

"You wouldn't live in it if you owned it," answered the guide, stopping his horses.

"And phwy not, begob? All it needs is a little repairs to make a foine residence av it. The situation is as good as anny on the island."

"Oh, that's all right; but you wouldn't live in it all the same," returned Williamson.

"Will ye explain the raison av that? The bare statement carries no conviction wid it, and I must know the why and wherefore before I accept your assertion as conclusive."

"Well, then, the house is haunted, and no one can live in it."

"Haunted!" repeated Muldoon, disdainfully. "Go an wid yez. Do yez think yez can play off anny such fairy tales an me?"

"I tell you the house is haunted," persisted the guide. "You could buy that house for a hundred dollars, if you could live in it, but nobody has been able to."

"For why?"

"Because it's haunted, I tell you."

"Be what? Rats?"

"No; but by the ghost of a former owner. He was a pirate and got immensely rich, came here to live, reformed, it was said, and built this house."

"Well, a pirate wor no worse for him days than a shtock gambler is now," remarked Muldoon, sententiously.

"They say he died haunted by the ghosts of his many victims, men and women he had killed, and now his own ghost stalks about the place and even follows men who visit the house."

"That's all rubbish!" cried Muldoon. "I don't believe in yer ghosts, and to prove it to yez, I'll go all over the house from cellar to garret, be heavens."

"And I'll go with you, pop," said Roger. "I'd like to see the inside of a haunted house for once. Can we get in, Williamson?"

"Yes, I guess so. There used to be a back door that was always open; but you couldn't get any one on the island to go in for a fortune."

"Will you wait for us while we go through it, Williamson?" asked the young fellow.

"Yes, and I'll show you through. It's all right in the daytime, but at night the ghosts come."

"Begob, I'll take a night off before I leave the island and sleep here," declared Muldoon decidedly. "It's not afraid av anny ould ghosts, I am."

"But these are awful ones," said Williamson, as he turned his horses and drove toward the house.

"In phwat respect are they awful?"

"Why, the ghost of old Muggs, that's the pirate, comes in the form of a skeleton all green and red and blue, as if he was on fire, while flames come out of his eyes."

"Be heavens, av he was a walking fire engine I'd not be afraid av um," asserted Muldoon.

"You wouldn't?"

"No, sor, because I don't believe in anny such things. No man iver saw a ghost, and skilitons don't walk around av their own accord."

"Well, you couldn't get folks to live in that house, all the same," answered Williamson, and those that have tried it were satisfied with one night, those that weren't found dead the next day, that is."

"Hould an, hould an, it's too credulous in tolely ye think I am," cried Muldoon. "Faix, ye'll never imagine that I'll swally all that?"

"It's so, anyhow," said the guide.

By this time they had reached the main gate of the inclosure surrounding the haunted mansion, and all hands alighted.

The gate was open and they walked up a broad avenue pausing on the front veranda to listen.

Williamson tried the front door but it was locked, and he was obliged to go around to the rear.

Here they found an entrance, and proceeded to explore the old house from top to bottom. It was a great barn of a place with big rooms, wide halls and massive staircases, and was full of dust and spiders, but nothing else.

It was cool, though not damp, was built of coral and had hard wood floors and finishings, but not the first sign of furniture.

Muldoon was disgusted, and went out evidently very much disappointed.

"Begob, there's nothing romantic about the place," he muttered. "No ould mahogany furniture, no goold goblets, no plate, no silken curtains, no nothing. Sure, no well behaved ghost wud go into such a place twice."

In fact, there had been nothing to see in the house, and Muldoon considered it a waste of time to have gone into it.

"Begob, yez can talk about ghosts all ye loike," he said, as they drove away, "but I'll believe in them less since I saw that place than I did before."

"You ought to see the ghost of old Muggs after that," said the guide.

"Faix, av he comes muggin' around me, I'll hit him on the mug and parlyze him," cried Muldoon.

"I suppose we'll have a visit from his grizzly nibbs," said Roger, "though dad will get the first call because he don't believe in him."

"I'll shoot any sucker av a ghost that comes prowling around me," asserted Muldoon, and the subject was changed to something more cheerful.

When they arrived at the hotel Muldoon went in first, leaving Roger to settle with the guide.

"Where can I get a good—" and our young friend whispered the rest of the sentence in the guide's ear.

Williamson laughed, slapped his leg, and exclaimed:

"I know a young fellow that has a dandy one, and I guess he'd lend it to you."

"All right. I'll see you later."

Sight seeing made Muldoon weary and he retired early, occupying a room by himself.

Mrs. Muldoon knew of his sleep-walking propensities and did not care to run any risk so long as there was any danger of his indulging in them.

"Sure, when Terry retoires at twelve or wan o'clock I have no fear whatever," she remarked, "but whin he goes up at noine I'm sure something will happen."

She was right this time.

Something did happen.

It wasn't Muldoon's fault, however.

At the later period to which Roger had referred, he saw his friend Williamson, and the latter interviewed his friend, Sawyer, the three having a great laugh over something.

Then, at a convenient time, the something was smuggled into the hotel, the clerk being

let into the secret, after which there was more hilarity.

When the clocks were striking the hour, no matter which one, something was taken into Muldoon's room and left there, and the conspirators silently stole away like the Arabs we hear about.

The Sandwich Island moon was putting in its very best shines, and sent a flood of light into Muldoon's room when there came a mysterious knock at the door.

At first Muldoon slumbered on, and did not hear it.

Then it was repeated, once, twice, thrice, and so on at regular intervals.

At first Muldoon dreamed that somebody

He sat bolt upright in bed and cried out: "Be heavens, professor, if yez want to dhrum on the flure wid yer heels phwy don't yez go into yer own room and do it?"

Then the moonlight got in its fine work.

Suddenly, and as if a block of ice had been placed at the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver.

His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world.

"Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

No wonder he was somewhat astonished.

There, at the foot of his bed, sitting where the moonlight fell full upon it, placed in an

sawed an awful voice, which Muldoon could not detect as coming through the keyhole.

"Oh, begob, thin, the byes wor right," gasped he. "Sure it's a true story, thin."

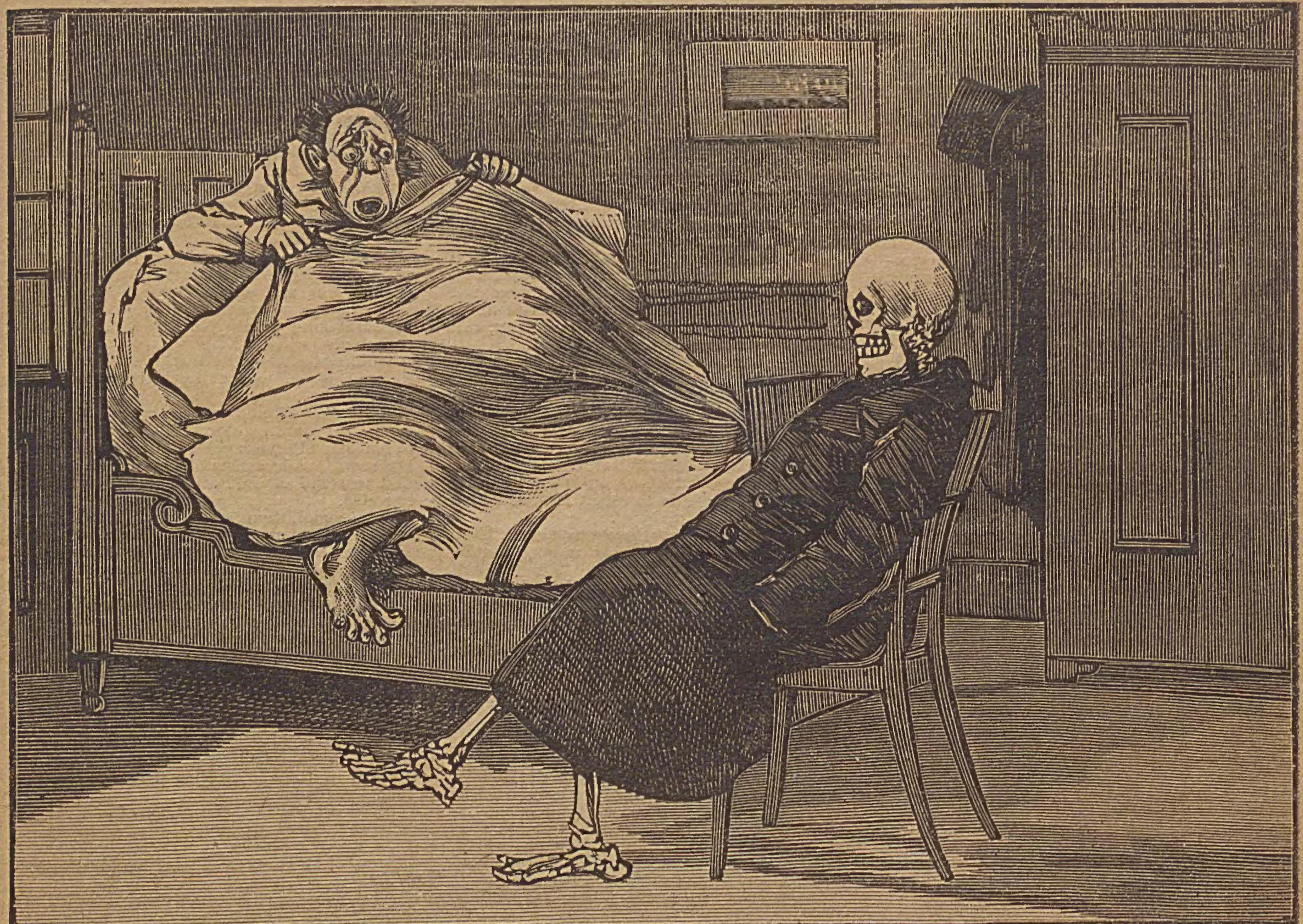
There sat Muggs in skeleton form, just as he had been described, and in such a position that Muldoon would be obliged to pass him in order to reach the door.

He couldn't stay in the same room with such a guest, and yet how was he to make his escape?

"What do yez want?" he at last managed to stammer.

"You!" answered that keyhole voice. "Terrence Muldoon, your time has come."

"Oh, my! oh, my! the sucker knows me



Suddenly, and as if a block of ice had been placed on the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver. His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world. "Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

was going to bed in the next room and kicking off their boots.

"Faix, there must be tin av them in the room," he thought, "or else the feller is doing target practice wid his boots at the dure-knob."

Thump!

This time Muldoon awoke.

"I wondher is it Wiggins that has the next room?" he thought. "Begob, he's absent-minded enough to pick up his boots a dozen times and not know he has 'em off."

Thump!

This time Muldoon perceived that the knocking was at his own door.

"Faix, it's late for a caller," he muttered.

"Who can it be, I wondher? Who's there?"

Thump!

Then he sat up in bed.

As he did so he caught sight of a figure sitting at the foot of the bed.

"Begob, it's Wiggins himself," he muttered; "I can see the bald head av him. Phat's he doin' here, I woniher?"

Thump!

There was something particularly weird and ghostly and uncanny and spooky about that knocking, and Muldoon began to be very strangely impressed by it.

ordinary cane-seated chair, was a human skeleton.

Its arms hung at its side, its feet stuck out in front, and its head was cocked on one side in a very rakish fashion.

It wore an old and very much dilapidated military coat, but that was all.

What Muldoon had taken for the professor's bald head was its shining skull, upon which the moonbeams were playing for all they were worth.

It did not take Muldoon long to take a full sense of the nature of his nocturnal visitor.

"Begob, it's a dead man I am," he muttered, as he drew the clothes up around his neck.

He could not help looking at the figure, though he wanted to shut it out from sight.

He was fascinated, however, and could not help but look, while his hair stood up stiffer, his limbs grew colder, and his teeth chattered till he could scarcely speak.

"Who are ye, and phwat do yez want?" he finally made bold to ask.

His eyes were as big as plates, the cold sweat ran off him in rivers, and he shook so that it was a wonder the bed did not fall apart.

"I'm the ghost of Muggs the pirate!" an-

name!" gasped poor Muldoon, turning colder than ever, if that were possible.

"I can't go wid yez. I have a more important engagement," he replied, with chattering teeth.

"No, you must come now," and the skeleton appeared about to rise.

That was too much for Muldoon.

He forgot all about his threat to shoot the first ghost that dared to come fooling around him.

He thought only of flight.

He never even dreamed that the whole thing was a gag.

He gave one leap out of the bed, carrying sheets, blankets, and all, with him.

His second bound took him to the door, which he lost no time in throwing open, as it was not locked.

Out he dashed in a jiffy, falling over Williamson, who had not been able to get away in time.

Roger and Sawyer had heard him when he jumped out of bed, and had dusted upon the instant.

Williamson was less fortunate, and he and Muldoon rolled over on the floor like a couple of angry cats.

Muldoon never guessed what the matter was, however.

He thought for sure that his ghostly visitor had collared him, and intended to take him off to some dismal abode under the earth, or perhaps, to the haunted house itself.

"Begob, I'll not go wid yez av I can help it!" he yelled, plucking up courage.

It was dark in the hall, for Roger and Sawyer had skipped with the light, and Muldoon could see nothing.

He struck out, however, and as good luck or bad would have it, caught Williamson right in the eye, temporarily closing that useful organ.

Then he jumped up, shook off the guide and hooked it along the hall and down-stairs as fast as he could go.

He had on nothing but a night-shirt, but that didn't matter.

One cannot think of such a trifling thing as dress when flying from a real bona fide ghost.

When Muldoon had gone down-stairs three steps at a jump, the three conspirators met in front of his room.

"What a narrow escape!" said Sawyer.

"What a bully black eye I'll have to-morrow," remarked Williamson.

"We must get this thing out of the way," said Roger, "for the governor will be back before long."

"But my eye!" muttered Williamson.

"I'll fix that all right," said Sawyer, who was a doctor and surgeon.

He was the owner of "Muggs the pirate," as that skeleton was ever afterward called.

Roger had asked Williamson where he could find a good one, and the guide had recommended Sawyer, knowing that he was always ready for a snap.

The result of the consultation was the midnight visit to Muldoon of Muggs the pirate.

The night clerk, who was in the secret, was having a quiet little snooze, when Muldoon suddenly burst into the office in a frilled night shirt, looking the picture of terror.

"What's the matter, Mr. Muldoon?"

"There's a skeleton in me room and I want it removed."

"A skeleton!"

"Yis, sor, a live skeleton, and he most had the head frightened off me. I'm not used to such things in me room. Have yez anny whisky?"

"The bar is closed, Mr. Muldoon."

"Well, thin, open it and I'll stand treat. It's something for me nerves I must have or I'll go crazy."

"You've been dreaming, Mr. Muldoon."

"I have not, thin. I wor wide awake and saw the skiliton wid me own eyes and h'ard it speak to me. That wor too much for me, and I med me escape wid the greatest expedition, begorrah."

"Yes. You seem to have been in considerable of a hurry," replied the clerk, laughing; "but I'm afraid you were dreaming for all that."

"Come up and I'll show yez that I wor not!" cried Muldoon indignantly.

When he and the clerk arrived at the scene of the late conflict between man and specter everything was found to be in perfect order.

The bed was open, the clothes being turned back, there were no signs of any skeleton, and everything was as quiet and orderly as need be.

"I told you it was only a dream, Mr. Muldoon," said the clerk. "You'd better go to bed again and think no more about it."

Then the clerk went down-stairs, and Muldoon could hear him chuckling to himself all the way down.

"It's another gag it is," he muttered as he locked the door and sat on the bed, "and I wor not wise enough to see it till this minute. The clerk is in it, too, and if Roger has a black eye in the morning I'll know that he wor the invinithor av this, as he is av ivery snap that's worked an me."

However, Roger did not show the least sign of a bruise anywhere about his person, and Muldoon was nonplussed.

"I know it wor a thrick," he muttered, "but that bye is so cute that he'd shtea brimstone from undher the very nose av the devil and he'd know nothing about it."

PART XVI.

MULDOON and his family remained in the Sandwich Islands for some little time, as there was so much to see and they were not limited as to time.

In fact they stayed so long that the steamer went without them, and Wiggins continued

his journey to Australia alone, keeping his head and knowing when to go aboard, much to Muldoon's surprise.

Our friends visited the different islands of the famous group discovered by Captain Cook, and where he finally succumbed to an overdose of club sauce, taking a trip to Hawaii and seeing the famous volcano of Mouna Loa, going to the museums and in fact taking in all the sights.

When nearly everything had been seen that was worth seeing, Muldoon concluded that he might as well go on to Australia, and from there, after seeing the country, go to India and then over to Europe.

He had missed one steamer, however, and there wasn't another for several days, nearly a week, in fact.

One pleasant afternoon Muldoon and Roger were out taking a walk in the principal street of the town, looking at the sights, when along came a very stylish, open carriage, drawn by two splendid horses, and driven by a coachman in livery, a footman sitting beside him, while another sat on a box behind.

What struck Muldoon, however, was that while the driver and footmen were white, the occupant of the carriage was very dark.

"Be heavens, Roger, luck at the naygur dhriving out wid a white coachman and futman," he cried. "Begorrah, that's more than a naygur wud dar to do in New York. I loike the impudence av him."

"Oh, that's all right, pop," said Roger, with a grin.

"No, it's not all right," muttered Muldoon. "Luck at the high hat av him! Faix, I'd loike to knock it off wid a shstone wanst."

"Bet you couldn't hit it," said Roger, never dreaming that his father would accept the challenge.

The man in the carriage was quite dark, as we have said, and had quite a distinguished air, although he was simply dressed, wearing a black frock coat and a high silk hat.

Roger might have informed his father who the person was, but Muldoon gave him no chance.

The carriage had passed, but the man in it was still to be seen, on account of his elevated position.

"Bet ye fin dollars I'll do it," cried Muldoon in answer to Roger's challenge.

In an instant he had caught up a moderate-sized stone out of the roadway, and in another it went whizzing through the air with a singing sound.

It caught the high dicer of the man in the carriage and sent it spinning in a jiffy.

Roger was too late to prevent the action, but now his face showed his alarm.

"Skip, dad, as tight as you can hook it," he gasped, as he grabbed Muldoon by the arm and hurried him down the street.

At the very first turning he switched his father off and turned again as soon as he had a chance, evidently trying to lose himself if possible.

"Phwat is the rayson av yer great haste, me bye?" cried Muldoon, as soon as he could get his breath.

Roger paused in a doorway half way down a narrow alley, listened for a moment and said:

"Do you know who that fellow in the carriage was, pop?"

"Some big naygur or other, I suppose, who has more money than sinse."

"Well, that was Kalakaua himself, the King of the Sandwich Islands."

Muldoon gave a gasp and nearly fell in a fit.

"Oh, my! oh, my! ye don't tell me that," he muttered. "Ye're joking, ye young flasier."

"No, sir, not a joke."

"Ye're sure it wor King Calico himself and not wan av his giners or ministhers or cabinet offissers?"

"No, no, no, it was the king himself, and you've got yourself into a nice box."

"Faix, I think it's an oven, and not an ice-box, begob. I'm that hot wid runnin' that—"

"Cheese it!" cried Roger, and hurrying Muldoon along at the top of his speed he went from one street to another, up this alley and down that, turning and twisting in every direction, until his poor father was so bewildered that he did not know if he were afoot or on horseback.

"Hould an, Roger, hould an, for the love av goodness," he panted, as he leaned against the door of a ware-house down near the docks. "Is it a grease spot you want to make av me?"

"Do you want the soldiers to catch you and string you up to the nearest tree, pop?" asked Roger.

"Faix, they wouldn't do that. I'm an American citizen, so I am."

"Well, they wouldn't stop to ask what you are after what you did."

"Begob, I know me rights, Roger, and I'd demand an investigation. Yez can't hang a mon widout a fair thrial."

"I guess one trial at hanging would satisfy you, pop."

"Faix, ye know I didn't mean that."

"Well, well, come on or we'll be tracked. I'm not sure that I've thrown them off the scent?"

"Do yez think they recognized me?" asked Muldoon, the sweat bursting from him anew.

"Sure, their backs were turned."

"Some one mast have done so, pop, and these fellows are terribly jealous of the honor and dignity of their king."

"Sure, I'll face it out, thin. I'm a true democrat, and I don't care a copper for all the kings and queens in the worruld."

"Don't be foolish, father. These fellows would murder you as soon as wink."

While Roger was disposed to guy his parent to a certain extent, he was still sensible of the danger he ran, and had been all along trying to think how he could get him out this last scrape.

"Come on, pop," he said in a whisper.

"People are beginning to notice your agitation."

"Are yez goin' back to the hotel?" asked Muldoon, as they proceeded.

"To the hotel! Mercy, no. They'll search that the first thing."

"Where are yez goin' then, begob? Do you know the whole city?"

"I know enough of it, pop, to pilot you around."

The young fellow then led the way to the docks, and presently espied a ship, flying the American flag, that was loading, being nearly ready for sea.

She was a large vessel, and looked like a fast one, and Roger formed an idea as soon as he saw her.

"Come along, pop," he said, and in a few moments the Muldoons father, and son were on board.

"Captain about?" asked Roger, of a man whom he took to be an under officer.

"You'll find him in the cabin," and the man passed on.

"Phwat are ye goin' to do, Roger?" whispered Muldoon. "Ship me before the masht? Faix, anny wan can see I'm no sailor."

Roger smiled, but he hadn't the heart to torment his poor dad at such a time, and so he said nothing.

Entering the cabin and easily recognizing the captain by his appearance, he said lightly:

"Captain, have you room for a few passengers? We have missed our steamer and prefer not to stay here any longer."

"Well, I don't always carry passengers, but—"

"Oh, we'll pay the regular rates, captain."

"H'm, I wasn't thinking of that, my lad. How many of you are there?"

"Four; father and I and two ladies."

"But you don't want to go to China?"

"Oh, yes we do; that's the very place of all that we want to see. When do you sail?"

"Late this evening."

"Well, if you'll take us, we'll go."

"What name?"

"Muldoon. We are Americans. See here a moment, cap," added Roger, mysteriously.

The young fellow then took the captain aside and explained to him their reasons for wanting to make so hurried a departure.

The captain laughed immoderately, and, while admitting that there was some danger in harboring the fugitive, agreed to take the risk.

He and Roger then came to terms upon another matter, while Muldoon sat watching them with a very puzzled expression.

"Mr. Muldoon," said the skipper, coming forward, "I am running a terrible risk in taking you on board, for if the government officials were to find it out they would blow my vessel clean out of the water."

Muldoon only gasped, and the captain went on:

"However, I am an American citizen, as you are, and consider it my duty to protect you. There are certain precautions, however, which we shall be obliged to take."

"Name them," said Muldoon.

"You must be disguised, for it will be useless to try to hide you if any search is made."

"Faix, I'll black up, dye me sluggers, and go as the naygur cook."

"You must certainly be disguised, and as

you couldn't possibly look or act like a sailor, I think. I'll have to accept the colored cook idea."

"Anything to get out av the difficulty, captain dear," sighed poor Muldoon. "Oh, my! Oh, my! how wor I to know that it wor King Calico's dicer I knocked aff?"

"You couldn't, of course, but that is no excuse. Any insult to the king is punished with death."

Muldoon felt as if he had been hauled through fourteen miles of gas pipe.

"You must stay here now," the captain said, "and your son will see to getting the ladies and your baggage aboard."

"Be heavens, I won't set me fut on land again till I'm on the say," said Muldoon, some-

can. Pop is going to remain on board till we come."

"Faith, he does well to stay away," sputtered Roger's mother, "for he knows I'd blow him up for goin' aff in such a hurry. Well, well, it's just like Muldoon. He never does anything like other folks."

There was not very much time to lose, for a fact, but Roger packed his own and his father's trunk, locked those belonging to his mother and Kitty, paid the bill at the hotel, made an advantageous disposal of the Australian tickets, had the baggage sent quietly to the vessel, ate a hearty dinner, had time to look about town, and dispatched his mother and Kitty to the dock in a carriage, and all in the space of six or seven hours.

cried Roger, escaping before he was obliged to tell any more lies.

Just before the vessel sailed a lot of mysterious-looking men came on board and began prying into everything above and below decks.

Muldoon, in a white cap and jacket, with his face and hands blacked, sat in the galley in a state of fear and trembling.

"Look out, pop. Keep it up. Here are the royal guards come to look for you," whispered Roger, as he hurried by.

It was a wonder that the cold perspiration which ran down Muldoon's face did not wash the black clean off, but it did not; it only made white streaks.

The soldiers hunted everywhere, asked



"What have ye there?" asked Muldoon of the smiling waiter. The tea store chromo lifted the cover of the dish and put on a still more seraphic smile. Muldoon got one glance of the dainty in front of him and sprang up in disgust. Rats on toast!

what confusedly. "I'm on American soil, as it wor, so long as I'm on this ship, and they wouldn't dar' to drag me aff it."

"They might," muttered the captain, "and we shall have to be very cautious."

Roger then left, the captain saying to him as they went ashore together:

"Yes, we can have lots of fun and scare the wits out of him, but we may have to be cautious after all."

"Come to think of it," said Roger, "the whole thing happened so suddenly, and we got away so quickly, that I hardly think we were recognized at all. I was so scared for a few minutes, though, that I imagined all sorts of things."

"Very likely the whole thing was looked upon as an accident."

"Perhaps. I'll keep my eyes open, however."

Then he returned to the hotel, where he learned that the incident had not yet been heard of.

Seeking out his mother, he told her that Muldoon had suddenly changed his mind, and that they were going to China on a sailing vessel, instead of waiting for the Australian steamer.

"We're goin' to-night," he added, "and you and Kitty will have to pack up as soon as you

The assault on the king, as it was called, had caused some little commotion, he learned, but nobody seemed to be able to identify the offender.

Several revolutionary characters had been apprehended and were now awaiting an investigation, but nobody seemed to be certain who the real criminal was, and there were as many different opinions on the subject as there are true sources of the river Nile.

"Well, they seem to think they've got the fellows, at any rate," laughed Roger, "and I guess the ship runs no risk of being searched. It's a bully good chance to roast dad, though, and the cap and I must work the racket for all it's worth."

The ship was to sail at eleven o'clock, and Roger brought his mother and Kitty aboard half an hour before this time, and installed them in their cabins.

"Where is yer father, Roger?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, as she sat down and looked around.

"Oh, he's engaged with the second officer. You'd better see to unpacking your trunks, I guess."

"The idee av going away in such a hurry," muttered the lady. "Faith, it's wan talking I'll give him whin I see him."

"All right, mother. I'll send him to you,"

Muldoon no end of questions on all sorts of ridiculous subjects, and finally dispersed, somewhere, just as the lines were cast off and the ship glided out into the harbor.

Muldoon had answered only in monosyllables, but, even then, he was afraid he had given himself away, and was in an agony until he saw the soldiers disappear.

The latter, by the way, were only sailors under instructions from the captain, and they enjoyed scaring Muldoon as much as he was frightened.

Finally, when they were out from shore, Muldoon was told that he might wash up, but then, what with the excitement and the motion of the ship and everything else, he became so sick that his wife had not a word of reproof to say to him when he finally put in an appearance.

The next day, or the next after that, he recognized one of the supposed soldiers on deck, and went to Roger in a dreadful state of alarm.

"Oh, Roger, I'm lost intirely," he gasped. "The sogers av the royal guard have followed us. I met wan av them on deck just now."

Roger laughed in spite of himself, and said:

"There weren't any soldiers at all, pop. They were only sailors rigged up. You were

never suspected at all, though you might have been."

Muldoon looked several things which he did not mention.

"Do yez mane to tell me that this is another av yer snaps?" he asked.

"No, pop, this is one of the cap's. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yerself and the captain are two vilyants," muttered Muldoon, in disgust, "and I haven't med up me mind yet which is the worst."

Then he went off to have a quiet smoke in the shade while Roger hunted up Kitty to have a chat with her, his mother being deep in her newest novel.

It didn't take Roger long to get acquainted with all hands on board the ship, and it was fun alive for him from morning to night.

If we were to tell of the many pranks he played, we would never get through, but we must hurry on and only relate events of importance.

The voyage was a pleasant one for all the party, and the only regret they had was that it could not have lasted longer.

Muldoon grew brown and rotund under the influence of salt air, ocean breezes and good fare, his wife was more fat and rosy than ever. Miss Kitty got to be prettier every day and Roger of course, was the same handsome, saucy fellow he was when he left New York.

The voyage ended at Hong Kong and our friends, after bidding an affectionate adieu to the captain, took themselves and their belongings on shore and went to an English hotel, where they proposed staying for some little time.

"To think that I should go to China after all," mused Muldoon, after they had been in the city a few days, "whin I swore I'd have nothing to do wid the haythins."

"I'm sure it's all very interesting, Terry," said his wife. "It's like looking at a set av ould-fashioned Chiny taycups and saucers to see the queer little houses and the min and women wid their petticoats and umbrellas."

"So it is," said Muldoon; "but phwat throubles me is that I can't tell the differ bechune the min and the women. They all look alike."

"I hope ye won't go to flirting wid them squint-eyed China women, Terrence," said his wife severely, "but I never can tell phwat ye'll do."

"Whist now, me jool," cried Muldoon. "Ye know that I think ye far shuperior to anny av thim tay flowers or sisters-in-law av the moon, as they call the women. Faix, there's pot wan av them, however beautiful, that I'd luck at afther gazing an yer bleached bangs and rosy cheeks."

"Go an now, ye desaver," cried Mrs. Muldoon, not displeased at this little bit of flattery. "Faix, ye're that woidl' afther the women that I believe ye'd slope wid a blackamore, if she only gav' yez a little quiet taffy."

"Sure, yez know I wouldn't," cried Muldoon. "Ain't I as threue as the eedle to the pole, me lady burrud?"

"Yes, ye air—not!" cried Mrs. Muldoon in great disdain, and Muldoon went off to see the sights.

One day our hero took it into his head to have a real Chinese dinner of rice and birds-nests, stewed chicken and mooncakes, pork and sweet herbs, and all that sort of thing.

He told Roger of his intentions and asked him what was the best place to obtain such a repast.

Roger informed him and also interviewed the cook of the place in advance of his father's arrival.

Muldoon walked in the Chin-Slam Sling royal mandarin eating house, took a seat at a little bamboo table, put his hat under his chair and took up the bill of fair which was printed in the choicest tea chest Mongolian.

A smiling Chinaman in a blue silk blouse and wide-bottomed trousers waddled up and stood before him.

"Give me a forst class regular dinner in the Chinase style," said Muldoon. "I can't read those crow-tracks."

The Chinaman bowed, smiled and waddled off, leaving Muldoon in a state of uncertainty as to whether he had beeu understood or not.

After a few minutes the smiling servitor came waddling back and placed a large covered dish in front of Muldoon, and then smiled so broadly that the guest thought some one must have left the furnace door open.

"What have ye there?" asked Muldoon of the smiling waiter.

The tea store chromo lifted the cover of the dish and put on a still more seraphic smile.

Muldoon got one glance of the dainty in front of him and sprang up in disgust.

Rats on toast!

There was no mistaking them.

They could not be taken for broiled squabs or deviled chops, or chickens' livers impaled, or anything but just what they were.

Rats!

Muldoon's hair stood on end, and his stomach threatened to turn a somersault at once.

"What have yez there, ye pigtailed son of a babboon?" he cried, in horror.

The Chinaman said never a word, but smiled more expansively than ever.

Muldoon began to feel certain sensations that warned him he had better get out of the place before something happened.

"Take 'im away," he yelled. "Is it a rat eater ye think I am?"

"Belly nicee, allee lage in Hong Kong, so be," said the waiter, speaking for the first time, and smiling till the very air seemed radiant.

"All the rage in Hong Kong! Oh, murther!" and Muldoon made a sudden bolt, overturned chair, table and all, slid ten feet along the polished floor and then lighted out, feeling such a pressing demand for his presence outside that he could not get away half fast enough.

PART XVII.

RATS on toast!

That's what they gave Muldoon at that swell Chinese restaurant in Hong Kong.

To say that it turned his stomach would be simply absurd.

That very necessary and indispensable article of domestic furniture made a regular circus performer of itself, and if it turned once, it performed that gymnastic feat a dozen times.

At any rate, Muldoon never imagined he could be so sick in so short a time.

He turned sadly away from that restaurant, not even returning for his hat, and vowed never to go into a Chinese place of entertainment again.

Roger met him leaning against a post on the next corner, and addressed him:

"Hullo, dad, what's the matter? Where's your hat?"

"I donno, I think I left it in the Chinese hash house beyant."

"Well, why don't you go for it?"

"Go in there? Niver?" and Muldoon turned away to hide his feelings.

"What's the matter, pop?" asked Roger, again. "Didn't they give you a good —"

But Muldoon was off before Roger could finish, and on the way the young fellow heard him make some very strange remarks which he could not very well make out the gist of.

"Be heavens, if I think av it, aven, it makes me sick," mused Muldoon, when he recovered.

He went back to his hotel, put on another hat, lighted a cigar, and resolved that no fairy stories of the delights of Oriental cookery would ever tempt him again.

"I'd like to walk on the great wall and explore the great waters av the Yanker Kibang, or phwativer ilse they do call it," he observed, "but if I do I know I'll be sick again, and I'm going to give the whole impire av China the grand bounce and leave be the farst steamer that goes, begorrab."

Muldoon was as good as his word, and the next steamer that left Hong Kong found him and all his numerous family on board.

This time they were bound to Calcutta, as Muldoon had resolved to shed the light of his countenance upon India and cut a swell among the nabobs.

"Wasn't me ancestor, Cornelius Muldoon, the governor av wan av the ancient provinces av Injey, before the English stepped in," he remarked.

"I have only your worrud for it, Terry," answered his wife, to whom the question had been put.

"Well, he war, and be the English invasion he lost ivry pinn, and that's another injustice to ould Ireland, begob."

The steamer was making good speed across the Indian Ocean when, one day as Muldoon came on deck after dinner, the man on the lookout reported a sail to the windward.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was a pirate, pop," said Roger, who had come up with his father.

At the same time the young rascal winked at one of the under officers standing near.

The latter had already got onto Muldoon's

whimsicalities, and had suggested a good snap to Roger.

"Pirates!" echoed Muldoon. "Shure the days av pirates have long passed."

"Not a bit of it, pop, and don't you believe it."

"Faix, I know they have," protested Muldoon. "Where wud a pirate schooner be alongside a sheteamer? Faix, she'd be overhauled in tin minyutes."

"Oh, but the Malay pirates can sail like the wind, pop, and they're the worst kind."

"Yis, I know, but that's long ago, me bye. Ye have been reading too many saffron backed romances, and yer moind is colored wid them."

"No, sir, it isn't. There are pirates yet, aren't there, Mr. Ropes?" appealing to the officer.

"To be sure there are," asserted Ropes. "You can't kill off these Malay beggars. Why, it was only on our last voyage that we had a brush with them."

"Is it truth ye're telling me?" asked Muldoon.

"Certainly," and Ropes looked as truthful as young Georgy Wash himself.

"But yez got away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Sure, av they can go like the wind, I wondher you could escape."

"Well, you see the wind died out, and as we were under steam we shook them off. If there had been any wind, though, they would have pulled up upon us, steam or no steam."

"Are they very ferocious?" asked Muldoon, his eyes beginning to bulge.

"Ferocious? Well, you can just gamble on it. Why, they'd kill their own mothers-in-law."

"Faix, I know manny a man, and not a Malay either, that wud loike to do that," remarked Muldoon, wisely. "That's nothing."

"Oh, but these fellows are perfect terrors. If they had caught us, every man Jack would have had to walk the plank."

"Well, there's no hardship in that, av the plank is wide enough. I can do it mesilf whin there isn't too much motion."

"Yes, but suppose one end of it hangs over the sea?"

"Thin I wouldn't walk an that ind at all. I'd take the other."

"H'm! They wouldn't let you."

"Sure, av that's phwat yez call walking the plank, I don't want anny av it."

"Well, that's what we would have had si we were taken, unless we were slaughtered first."

"It's a cheerful way ye have av talking," muttered Muldoon, as the cold shales ran down his spine.

"Oh, I'm only telling you what you may expect if we happen to meet any of these gentlemen. I don't half like the looks of that fellow out there, myself, but I haven't said anything to the captain yet."

"Tell him to put an all steam immajitely," gasped Muldoon. "Do yez think I want to be murdhered in could blood?"

"No more than the rest of us, I suppose, Mr. Muldoon," answered Ropes, carelessly.

"No more than the rest av yez! Be heavens, I've nothing to do wid the rest. It's me own skin I'm thinking av. Small differ it wud make to me, afther I wor dead, whether the rest av ye survived or not."

"Oh, you'll grow indifferent after you've been chased by pirates a few times, and come to think nothing of it."

"Yis, that's all right, sor, but I don't expect to habituate mesilf to walking the plank or being slaughtered, and I have no intentions that way afther. That's wan thing I could never get used to."

"Well, I don't suppose that fellow can catch us under an hour, anyhow," remarked Ropes, indifferently, "so you have that long to live at any rate."

Muldoon shook till he dislodged his eyeglass.

"An hour is it? Faix, ye speak av it as though it wor twenty years."

"She does have a bad look, Ropes," muttered Roger, looking at the strange vessel through a pair of field glasses.

"Yes, so she has," returned Ropes. "Wouldn't be surprised if she turned out to be our old acquaintance of last voyage."

The conversation was becoming too monotonous for Muldoon, and he went off to the smoking-room so as to have a chance to think of something else.

"He's bitten," chuckled Roger, when Muldoon was out of hearing.

"Like a shark at a nigger," added Ropes, laughing.

"Now to fix the snap," said Roger.

"Yes, I've posted some of the boys."

"That's all hunk. You be the boss pirate and I'll be your first butcher."

"It's a go!"

Half an hour later, as Muldoon was coming out of the smoking-room, he was suddenly confronted by three or four fierce fellows in short, baggy breeches, big boots and white shirts.

They all wore red caps, were full bearded, and carried a small arsenal in their belts and bootlegs.

"Seize the trembling minion!" cried the fiercest fellow of the lot, a man with a red beard, a bad eye and a hooked nose.

"Pirates, begorrah," muttered Muldoon, attempting to run.

He was seized before he could take a step,

He had heard of such things, and considered being a live pirate far preferable to being a dead honest man.

"No!" muttered the pirate, as he gritted his teeth. "Only blood can satisfy me now."

Muldoon's legs shook under him, and the pirates were forced to hold him up.

"What if I tell yez where to find a buried treasure?" he cried, catching at the last straw.

It was no go.

"It is useless. He dies!" growled the bad man of the sea as he rattled his cutlass against a young cannon in his belt.

A red sash was suddenly put around Muldoon's head and he could not see a thing.

Then he was dragged forward, bound and

Then all hands began to laugh.

Muldoon took a bigger tumble than when he had fallen into the water butt.

The pirates were Ropes and some of the sailors.

One or two of the crew, also, were now recognized as fellow-passengers.

"Bail me out!" cried Muldoon, trying to climb out of the butt. "It's a sucker ye've made av me agin, be heavens, and I'm afraid that it'll be me normal condition prisintly."

Then he was hoisted out of the cask and went off to change his soaked garments.

Roger and Ropes swapped chuckles and shook hands with each other over the success of their joke.

"Will I never stop biting at these snaps?"



"Take yer hands aff!" he cried, striking out vigorously and upsetting the officers. "I am an American citizen, be heavens! and the mon that thries to arrest me does it at his pur'l!"

and two huge blunderbusses were pressed against his temples.

"Make one move, and you are a dead man," thundered the boss buccaneer, as Muldoon now knew him to be.

Our poor traveler could not have moved if he had wanted to, he was held so tightly.

"Hand over your wealth," now commanded the pirate, as Muldoon was dragged forward. "I haven't a pinny," was the answer. "I lost it all playing poker in the smoking-room."

"Then you must walk the plank," said the corsair in an awful voice.

"Maybe me bye, Roger, has some money an his clothes," faltered Muldoon, getting very nervous; "enough to pay me ransom."

"That's the young feller we just chuck'd over to the sharks," said the second pirate.

"Then this one walks the plank," muttered the first.

Poor Muldoon!

He was surrounded by a dozen ugly-looking brutes, all having a professional cutthroat appearance, and the ship seemed to have fallen into their hands, for not an officer, sailor or passenger was to be seen.

"Blindfold him and make him walk the plank!" was the next order of the chief pirate.

"What's the matter wid me joining the gang and saving me life?" asked Muldoon, all in a tremble.

suddenly lifted up and placed on his feet at a higher level.

"Now walk!" hissed the pirate.

"I will not," and Muldoon stood still.

"Walk!" yelled all the pirate crew.

"I won't!"

Suddenly, however, something sharp was thrust into the calf of his leg.

"Begorrah, I'm shtabbed!" he howled as he bounded forward.

The plank gave a tilt and at the next instant Muldoon was floundering up to his neck in water.

His arms were tied behind him and he could not use them, but he made up for it in kicking.

Then, all at once, the red sash was whisked off, and his eyes were flooded with light.

Where was he?

In the sea?

Not a bit of it.

He was in water, to be sure, but the water was in a hogshead and the latter was on deck.

The pirates were there yet, but their faces wore a more familiar aspect than before.

They no longer wore whiskers, false noses or patches over their eyes.

Some of them, too, had begun to throw off their piratical garments and appeared more ship shape.

muttered Muldoon. "If it isn't Roger it's some wan else puts them up an me. I'll have to begin to square accounts wid somebody if I ever expect to get aven."

When our friends arrived at Calcutta, they put up at an English hotel, and did the city and the surrounding country, a little at a time, thus managing to see a good deal in a short time.

One day Muldoon had sent for a horse and carriage, as he wanted to take his party out for a drive.

"Tell them to sind around wan av the native vehicles," he said to the clerk. "I want to do the thing up in stoyle, begob."

In the course of twenty minutes word was esnt up that the carriage was ready, and the whole Muldoon gang, not including the pug dog and the parrot, came down.

"There's your rig," said the clerk, pointing to the street.

Muldoon went out, but saw nothing but an elephant with a car on his back, and a native driver standing alongside.

"Where is me carriage?" he asked.

"Does the sahib want to ride?" asked the Indian.

"I do, faix."

"Then will the sahib be pleased to mount?"

"Phwat! Climb on top av the illphant? Is there no other way av riding?"

"The sahib wanted a native vehicle," said the hotel clerk with a grin, "and here it is."

"Faix, the car may be well enough," muttered Muldoon, "but me circus days are over. Fancy Senator Muldoon riding on the back av an iliphant! Me constitooents wud all go back on me av they h'ard av it."

"Sure, I'd loike to ride wan, Terry," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a pleased tone. "It must be deloightful."

"Go on, ye giddy fairy," cried Muldoon in disgust. "Is it a ten thousand dollar beauty ye think ye are, to roide an iliphant and have all the byes commenting an yer shape? It's ashamed av yez I am."

"It's the custom av the countrry to ride iliphants, Terry. All the ladies do it."

"Troth, if it wor the custom av the countrry to stand an wan's head, that's no reason why I should make a fool av meself. Begorrah, Bedalia, I thought ye had more since."

"Ah, Terrence, let me ride on it, jist wanst," pleaded the giddy Mrs. Muldoon.

"Go an, and don't be teasin' me. Take away yer ould iliphant. Sure, it's not a troupe av circus performers we are."

The elephant was taken away, but the clerk had had his little joke, which he greatly enjoyed.

It was not the sort of snap Roger would have worked, but then it wasn't bad for an Englishman, and young Mr. Muldoon encouraged him and told him that if he kept on he might some day write funeral puns for Punch, and become a great man, unless somebody killed him in the meantime.

From Calcutta Muldoon and his party crossed India by rail, taking a steamer from Bombay to Aden and then up the Red Sea to Suez.

Here they went to Alexandria and Cairo, took in the Nile and the pyramids and the desert, and afterwards took a flying journey through Palestine and thence across the Mediterranean to Italy.

Muldoon had given Europe a pretty good doing up on his former visit, and not caring to go over the same ground again, he resolved to go straight to London and settle down till he was ready to go home.

"Faix, I'm sick av hearing shtrange tongues," he remarked as he was leaving Paris, "and it's glad I'll be to be wanst more in a land where I can understand phwat's said to me."

"Oh, but ye should larn Frinch," cried his wife. "Roger can speake it beautiful and it's very handy."

"Roger is a dude, me dear, and them kind has to have some accomplishments, to hide their lack av brains."

From Calais the party crossed to Dover, and then took the London, Chatham & Dover railroad to the metropolis.

Knowing the terrible fuss made in London over Irish-Americans, our young friend Roger concluded to play off a little gag on his pop and the London police at the same time.

Just before leaving Dover he sent the following dispatch to the detectives of Scotland Yard:

"Watch for Terrence Muldoon, the Irish-American dynamiter and agitator. Has designs on London. Will arrive at Victoria station on ten-forty train from Dover."

"If that don't wake 'em up in London," he chuckled as he sat in a corner of the compartment, "I'm a chump, that's all."

The train bowled along in the slap-dash, rattlety-bang way that trains have on the L. C. & D., and at last came into the elegant station at Victoria with a rush and a whirl and stopped to let off its passengers.

The guard came up, unlocked the door of Muldoon's compartment and stood aside to let the occupants out.

Two or three porters, expecting tips, hurried up to take the hand baggage and a couple of solemn looking officers began to open their eyes.

"You'll find me thrunks in the van," said Muldoon. "There are six av them marked Muldoon. Give them to a cab driver and let him take them the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross."

At this the owlish looking officers winked to a couple of fellows in plain clothes and then stepped forward.

"Mr. Muldoon?" said one to the famous traveler.

"Yes, sor, that is me name, Terrence Muldoon, the great American traveler."

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Muldoon," said the man raising his voice and winking to two other men.

"Yes, sor. Ye are a reporter from the London Times, I presume, or maybe the

Tiligraph? Come up to me hotel this avenin' and I'll give ye all the points—."

"No, sir, I am not a reporter. I am a man from Scotland Yard. You are my prisoner."

At the same moment he and his mate laid their hands on Muldoon's shoulder.

Muldoon was paralyzed with indignation.

"Take yer hands off!" he cried, striking out vigorously and upsetting the officers. "I am an American citizen, be heavens! and the mon that thries to arrest me does it at his pur'l!"

This fine bit of buncombe could not save our hero.

Six minions of the law jumped on him at once and began dragging him along the platform.

Muldoon objected, and the bobbies pounded him with their billies.

Six to one was even greater odds than Muldoon cared to give.

"Lave go av me, ye vilyans!" he shouted.

It was no go.

Pulling, tugging, clubbing and fighting, the officers hauled him away amid great excitement.

He was as powerless as a kitten in the grasp of a bulldog.

"Hould an! hould an! I'll not be arrested!" he yelled.

But he was arrested for all that, and a more broken up looking specimen of a tourist you never saw.

"Another injustice to old Ireland," laughed Roger, as Muldoon was hustled off. "This is a cold day for the ancient house of Muldoon."

PART XVIII.

MULDOON had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

A little dispatch sent to the London detectives by Roger had resulted in his arrest as a suspect and a conspirator against the British government.

It need not be supposed that Muldoon submitted quietly to arrest, for he did not.

On the contrary he made no end of a fuss, and gave six big coppers all the business they wanted in order to hold him.

They lugged him off, neck and heels, however, dumped him into a back, and while two sat on him, and two more held pistols to his head, the other two drove off.

Roger took charge of his party, and had them and the baggage taken to the hotel at once.

"It'll be all right," he said to his mother. "I'll go and see the American Minister myself, and explain matters. Some mistake has been made, probably, but the Minister will make it all right."

"The minister!" echoed Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, there's no need of a clergyman. They won't hang yer father, surely?"

"They might," answered Roger mischievously, "seeing that he is an Irishman."

"Don't believe a word he says, Mrs. Muldoon," interposed Kitty. "The American Minister is the representative of our government in England."

"Oh, that's it? Why do they call him a minister if he's not wan?"

"Take a day off, Kitty, and explain it to her," said Roger, laughing. "I must be off at once."

It is not such an easy matter to get at the ear of a foreign minister as one may think, and Roger was obliged to fly around pretty lively and for some time before he could get any sort of attention.

In the meantime Muldoon had been hustled off to jail, and was now in a cell awaiting an examination.

"Phwat am I locked up for?" he demanded of one of his guards as he passed before his cell.

"Not allowed to talk to prisoners. Shut up!" was the surly response.

"Yis, I know I am shut up for a fact, and I want to get out."

"Keep quiet, I tell you."

"Can't ye tell me phwat I'm here for?"

"No."

"Whin will I foind out?"

"Don't know."

"Who does know, can you tell me that?"

"No," gruffer than ever.

"Do ye know anything?"

"No!" growled the man, speaking before he thought.

"I thought not," cried Muldoon. "Ye had no need to tell me that."

Just then another guard came along and said brusquely:

"Look 'ere, me man, you want to shut up

this bloomink noise or you'll be put in a dark cell, don't you know. Prisoners are not allowed to talk 'ere."

"Are you the boss av the place?" asked Muldoon.

"Look 'ere, now, you want to shut up, I tell you. Cahn't you keep quiet?"

"I want to know phwat I'm here for. I'm an American citizen, begob, and if this outrage goes anny further there'll be war bechune ould England and the United States."

"Cahn't you keep still, I say? Do you want to be put in the dark 'ole? We'll put you there bloomink sudden if you don't shut h'up."

"Go an, ye muttonhead," laughed Muldoon. "Ye couldn't kill a flog wid all yer boasting."

Both guards now went off, and Muldoon was left alone, that being the only way to keep him quiet, for as long as anybody was around he would speak.

After a long delay he was brought out and told that it was all a mistake, that the American Minister had appealed for his release, and that he might go.

"Well, phwat was I put in for, annyhow," he asked.

"You can go, I tell you," said the boss inspector, or whatever else he was called.

"Widout knowing on what charge I was dragged away from me family and incarcerated in a dungeon?" persisted Muldoon.

"You can go, I tell you. The charge has been withdrawn."

"And you won't tell me phwat it was?"

"No! Get out!"

But Muldoon had his Irish up by this time. Go?

He guessed not.

"Be heavens, I won't shir a peg till I know phwat I was locked up for," he said, indignantly.

The inspector winked at three or four fellows standing near.

The wink was as good as a command.

They grabbed Muldoon by the bosom of his dizzy trousers and also by the slack of his high collar, and gave him the run out.

In two seconds and a half he found himself in the street.

When he had picked himself up, his bouncers had disappeared.

He could see Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square and the houses of Parliament in different directions of course, and so knew where he was.

"Faix, there's no use thrying to get any satisfaction out av an Englishman," he muttered. "They niver know when they are cornered. I wonder if they arrested Roger, too? It's only a shtep to the hotel, and I think I'll go up and see."

He found Roger and the rest of his family at the hotel, and related his adventures.

"The suckers would not tell me why I was locked up," he sputtered, "but jist foired me out as though I wor a thramp jist afer serving tin days an the Island."

"You were taken for a dynamiter, pop," said Roger. "I found that much out, and sent a note to the American minister."

"Sure, he's a foine bye now, ain't he, Terry?" said Mrs. Muldoon, admiringly. "It's not ivery bye that wud think av that."

"No," answered Muldoon, musingly, "but av he would think less av how to get me into trouble and more av how to get me out, it wud be more to his credit."

"Maybe ye think he had ye arrested," cried his wife, in virtuous indignation.

"Av I did, I'd break a plank acrasst his back, so I wud!" said Muldoon, emphatically.

As Muldoon intended to remain for some little time in London, he left the Grand the following day and took a furnished house in St. John's Wood, which Mrs. Muldoon found.

The location was sufficiently high toned, just central enough and not too high priced to suit our party, and they settled down with as much comfort as though they had been at home in New York.

"I mustn't forget the thrip to Ireland," remarked Muldoon, when they had got settled. "Afer going nearly around the woruld to get there, it wud be foolish to miss it afer all."

"This is good enough for me," returned his wife. "I have no relations in Ireland that I know av, and naither have ye."

"Have ye no desire to revisit the land av yer birth, Bedalia?"

"I have not. London is good enough for me, I tell yez."

"Ye have no patriotism."

"I have; but phwat's the use av hunting up a lot av people ye don't know and don't care

for, just to have him sponging on ye and spending yer money like wather and having no more regard for ye than if ye wor a Turk?"

"I don't know but phwat yer right, Bedalia, and whin we go, we'll go in disguise and say nothing to nobody and just take a luck at the counthry."

"Sure that'll be foine, Terry, and thin maybe they'll take me for a countess and ye for a juke. Troth, that'll be splendid."

"Take me for a juke, is it? Begob, I'd rather they wouldn't, for thin they'll think I've come to collect me rints, and maybe I'll get a load av buckshot in me back from behind a hedge."

"Then, we'll go as just plain Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon."

"Yis, it's plain enough it'll be, as far as ye

He and his friends visited the Oxford, the Metropolitan, the Alhambra, and other places, and finished up the evening with a quiet supper at a French restaurant in Leicester Square, after which Muldoon took the underground railway home, or as near to it as he could go at that time of night.

It might have been the "mild-and-bitter," or it might have been the oysters and chicken salad, but, whatever it was, Muldoon's head and legs were very unsteady when he reached the neighborhood of home.

He wasn't sure whether his head was in his shoes, or his feet were in his hat, or which was wrong and which was right, but he knew that something was out of gear.

It might be his head, it might be his legs, or

remarked, complacently, "though I know very well I am."

The key fitted the lock, the door opened without difficulty, and Muldoon walked upstairs, there being a dim light at the top of the flight.

"Sure, the shtairs have changed places since I wint up thim lasht," he remarked, "or else me head is turned around intoirely. I had no right to take that last glass av wather. I'm not used to it."

When he got up-stairs the doors seemed to be on the wrong side of the hall, but this he attributed to his head or his feet, or perhaps to his coming in so late.

Walking along the hall till he reached the



"Be heavens, Bedalia, how ye have changed," remarked Muldoon, in great surprise. "Get out, get out, fire, murder, watch, thieves, get out, you horrid man, get out!" yelled the owner of the big night-cap and the green curl papers.

are concerned, me jool," answered Muldoon, wickedly. "Whatever charms ye may have wanst had, it's nisy to see that ye have none now."

"Terry, ye're a brute."

"Yis, me dear," laughed Muldoon, as he went out.

Once comfortably settled in their new quarters the Muldoons got on swimmingly, and set out to enjoy themselves as only they knew how to do.

The London season was over, but that did not bother them, for there was still enough to see and plenty of places to visit without bothering themselves about the nobs, and troubling themselves to think whether the Duchess of Thingumbob or the Countess of Whatshername were keeping open house.

Muldoon had formed a number of acquaintances in London upon his former visit, and he lost no time in hunting them up.

He renewed the old and made many new acquaintances, and it was not long before he was as much at home as he would have been in New York.

One evening he went off with a party of friends on a little racket of his own, leaving Roger to escort the ladies to one of the theaters yet remaining open.

it might be his digestive organs, he was not sure which, though he was positive that it was something.

"I think the glass av wather that I took just as I left the restaurant had a bad effect on me," he observed. "I haven't felt right since."

When he arrived before the house he was confronted with another dilemma, and a puzzling one.

The house, as many in St. John's Wood are, was one of those double affairs, two houses built together and a garden on both sides.

There was only one gate, only one front stoop, but there were two doors, and the question was, which was the proper one.

There was a light in the second story front on the right, and Muldoon decided that that was the correct house.

"Bedalia has left a light for me," he muttered, "so that I won't thry to hang me hat on the gas or put me watch in the wather. It's very thoughtful she is intoirely."

Then he fumbled in his pockets, produced his key, instead of a shoe button or a corkscrew, very fortunately, and gazed at it in great satisfaction.

"Sure, this'll tell me av I'm right or no," he

front of the house, he opened the door and entered his wife's room.

Yes, it was the right place, for there were the chintz canopy to the bed, the striped slips to the chairs, the tucked and puffed covers to the dressing case and a pot of artificial flowers on the mantel.

The bed curtains were drawn together, probably to keep the light from the sleeper's eyes, as the gas was still burning, being at about half headway.

Some female garments were lying, neatly folded, on a chair, and an open novel lay on the floor close to the bed.

"Bedalia has been reading before she re-toired," remarked Muldoon, as he turned up the light. "It's a high regard for sintimintal novells she has."

Then he put his hat on a corner of the dressing case, kicked off his boots and proceeded to remove his coat.

He had got so far and was wrestling with his collar button when he heard a strange sound from the bed.

It was a shriek, and a shrill shriek at that, a thing that his wife seldom, if ever, indulged in.

"Too many novells have med yez nervous me dear," he observed, without turning

around. "Keep quite, now, and go to sleep." "Ow! wow-weee! it's a man!" yelled a voice.

Then Muldoon turned around.

All he could see was a woman's head thrust between the curtains of the bed which were clutched together to keep from spreading.

The head was old and thin and wrinkled, was surrounded by the gigantic frills of a big night cap, and was further ornamented by a double row of green curl papers.

"Be heavens, Bedalia, how ye have changed," remarked Muldoon, in great surprise.

"Get out, get out, fire, murder, watch, thieves, get out, you horrid man, get out!" yelled the owner of the big night-cap and the green curl papers.

She was a dandy at yelling, and talked at lightning speed, rattling away at the rate of five hundred words to the minute.

When she wasn't talking she was yelling, and then again she did both, and with a degree of lung power that was simply terrific.

She clutched those curtains with a terrible grip, and only her head and face were visible, though they were enough to stop a clock.

"Hould yer whisht, Bedalia," yelled Muldoon, when this sort of thing had been going on for about two minutes. "Sure, it's me, Terry, yer husband."

"Oh!" yelled the woman behind the curtain, "I never had a husband, I never would have, I wouldn't look at the best man in the world, they're all a set of nasty beasts, get out of my room, get out of the house, don't you dare to touch a thing in it, help, murder, policefirewatchmurderhelp!"

The last few words were all run together and ended, and were combined with a shriek that made Muldoon's hair stand on end.

Then for the first time he comprehended the situation.

He had got into the wrong house.

The lady with the flamboyant nightcap, green curl papers and vigorous voice was not his wife, but some one else.

"Oh, you horrid nasty man! How dare you say you're my husband? Get out, get out, get out! Wow-ow-ow—wee-ee-ee!"

"Begob, I wouldn't wish anny man such bad luck as to have ye for a wife," retorted Muldoon. "Take a rest on that screaming, ye ugly crow, or I'll trow ye out av the windy."

The lady continued to scream, however, and Muldoon could hear windows being shoved up, doors opening, footsteps in the street, the rapping of policemen's clubs, whistles, startled voices and all sorts of other noises.

"Begorrah, it wor the house on the left that I wanted, and not the wan on the right at all," he gasped.

Then he grabbed his hat, his shoes, and his coat, and made a break, the lady in green curl papers shrieking after him as he dusted.

"Begob, I would have thought it wor the same house," he muttered. "The curtains are the same and so is everything. Faix, I never wor so puzzled in all me life."

Then he dashed along the hall and fell rather than walked down the stairs, the noises around him increasing every instant.

The fairy up-stairs had now opened the window and was yelling bloody murder in fourteen different keys.

All the dogs in the neighborhood had been awakened and were voicing their disapprobation in all sorts of canine language, from a yelp or a snarl to a bay or a growl.

Other windows were thrown open, and the neighbors were asking one another what in time all that noise was about, and where were the police, and was this Seven Dials or St. John's Wood, and didn't anybody have any consideration for anybody else, and a hundred other inquiries.

Dark-lanterns flashed, footsteps were heard, and what with the screeching and the barking, the talking back and all the other noises, it seemed as if all pandemonium had broken loose.

Muldoon, the unhappy cause of the whole business, escaped from the house occupied by the lady of the night-cap just in time to escape being chewed up by a big bulldog which one of the servants had let loose at him.

He banged the door in the brute's face, skipped across the stoop, opened his own door in a jiffy and dashed up-stairs.

He slipped down half a flight when he reached the top and had to do it over again, but that was no matter since he was safe.

"Begob, I know I'm right now," he gasped. "I could never fall up a shtrange stairway like that."

"Is that ye, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

from the floor above. "Phwat's all the n'ise about, anyhow?"

"Ah there, pop, where's the fire?" asked Roger, sticking his head out of a rear door.

"Go an, ye monkey, or ye'll get foired," muttered Muldoon, as he picked himself up, reascended and went to his own room.

"What wor all the n'ise about, Terry?" asked his wife, as he came in. "Why have ye yer coat off? Sure, ye're in yer stocking feet, too. Phwat's come over ye intoirely?"

Muldoon looked all around the room, took a seat and said:

"Do ye know that they have the same bed curtains, the same slips and the same toilet table fixtures in the nixt house as we have here?"

"I do, and why wouldn't they, since the wan lady owns both houses and furnishes them? She gets things cheaper be buying a larger quantity."

"Does she get a discount on locks and keys be buying the same koind for both houses?"

"Why do ye ax, and phwat are ye looking for?"

Muldoon was hunting all over for something, and that was why his wife spoke.

"I'm luckin' for me other shoe."

"It's in yer hand."

"Not that wan, it's the other I want."

"Phwat's that in yer hat?"

"Faix, it's the shoe I wor lucking for, but I don't know for the life av me how it got in me hat."

"Maybe ye wor thryin' to shtand on yer head."

"Perhaps, but Bedalia?"

"Yis?"

"Maybe it'll be as well not to have the same key to fit both houses. I got into the wrong one to-night, and encountered an ould fairy in a big nightcap and green curl-papers that mad the jaw av me ache to luk at. It wor she that raised the ruction."

"Is that so?"

"Yis, and I think it'll be wise to have a new key."

"Faix, I think it would be wiser not to let you have a key at all, Terry, or to shtand a nurse out wid ye when ye're lather than tin," remarked Mrs. Muldoon.

PART XIX.

HIT was some time before Muldoon heard the last of his adventure with the lady in green curl papers.

The lady herself confided to Mrs. Muldoon, the next day, that the worst-looking man she had ever seen had broken into her house the night before.

She had never seen such a hideous object, she said, though all men were bad enough, but he was a terror on runners, and ugly enough to stop a clock.

That was too much for Mrs. Muldoon.

She might abuse her husband herself, but nobody else could.

"It's very singular that ye and me husband have the same idees, Miss Warburton," she said icily. "It wor he that got into yer house be mistake, and he confided to me afterwards that he never saw such an ugly-looking woman in all his experience. His own words wor that she wor homely enough to stop a clock. It appears to me to be a remarkable coincidence that ye both used the same expression."

There was a coldness between the two women after that.

Miss Warburton would not turn the Muldoons out, for they were good tenants, but there was no further intimacy between the two families.

Miss Warburton always kept the chain on her door after that, and showed no light in her windows.

Mrs. Muldoon put a lamp with a green shade over it in the window when Muldoon was out late, and there were no more mistakes made.

For all that, Muldoon heard a good deal about the lady in green curl papers, getting into the wrong house, putting one's shoes into his hat, and more to the same purpose.

Roger made some of these remarks, his friends had something to say about it, and Mrs. Muldoon also seemed to like to awaken fond recollections by alluding to that eventful night.

It finally became very tiresome to Muldoon to be constantly reminded of that little escapade.

At last, however, the boys let up on him, but only because he gave them something else to talk about.

And the way it came around was thusly: "Bedalia, me jool," said Muldoon one day, "how wud yez like to go for a roide in Hyde Park, like the rest av the nobs?"

"Faix, I think it would be delightful, Terry," replied the lady. "Ye and me and Roger and Kitty. We'd look fine in the wan carriage."

"It wor not carriage-riding that I meant, me dear," said Muldoon.

"How thin? Ye can't dhrive widout a carriage. Do ye intind to take a wheelbarrow?"

"Take a reef in yer sarcasm, me lady, and listen to me. I said we wud go to roide, not dhrive."

"Well, and what's the differ?"

"The differ is this, that in wan ye go behind the horse, and in the other ye go an the horse's back. Can yez comprehend that, me lady?"

"Is it me ride a horse, Terry?"

"Why not?"

"Faith, I haven't done it in years."

"That's nothing. Ye know how to ride, do ye not?"

"Deed and I do."

"Very well, if ye once know how ye'll never forget it. Now I think that we wud cut as soine a figger in the park as any wan, and it's a duty we owe to ourselves as well as the public to show off all our accomplishments."

"And will yez take Roger and Kitty along, too?"

"They may come if they loike, but remember, Mrs. Muldoon, that Miss Kitty is engaged to that young painter over in Ameriky, and I'll have no flirtations going on behind the poor feller's back."

"Sure ye know there's none, Terry."

"Nor do I want there should be, do ye mind?"

"Yis."

"Well, phwat about the ride? Will yez go wid me an Rotten Row this afternoon among the quality?"

"I will, faix."

"All right, thin, I'll ordher the horses to be here at half-past three. We don't want to be there before four, for that's whin all the nobs goes."

"Very well, Terry, darlin', I'll be ready be that toime."

Muldoon went to a livery stable not far from where he lived to engage suitable horses for himself and wife.

He was not certain as to what was the proper thing, and so he concluded to ask the proprietor of the stable.

He was afraid that if he asked his son's advice that roguish young rascal would put up a job on him.

He was right enough there, for that is just what Roger would have done.

He felt safe enough with the stable man, however.

That was where he was in error.

The boss of the stable was nearly as great a wag as young Muldoon himself.

"What sort av harses wud be the proper thing for meself and wife to roide in the park," he asked. "We want to do the proper thing and not make guys av oursilves."

"Wife the same height as yourself?"

"Well, yis, about, but she has more rotundity av forrum than meself. In fact, ye might almost say she's fat."

"It's the style to be plump, you know," said the stableman confidentially.

"Faix, thin me wife is in the swim, for she could go as a porpoise to any fancy ball, and everybody wud know her."

"You want to do as the stylish ones do, I suppose?"

"Yis. I want something suitable for an American citizen and his wife. I'm naturalized, to be sure, but all the same I'm a citizen, and I don't want to do anything that would cast discredit on me adopted countrhy."

"Certainly not," replied the other. "There are a great many Americans in London, and they set the fashion in a good many things."

"Sure, they're an example to the whole worruld, ye moight say," remarked Muldoon very grandly.

His listener acquiesced to the statement.

Then he proceeded to work his little racket on Muldoon.

"The style most in vogue just at present," he said, "is for the gentleman to ride a rather small horse, while the lady has a large one. You must avoid anything like a match in such things."

"I see," said Muldoon, taking everything for granted.

"At what hour would you want the horses sent?"

"About half-past three, so that we can get a good place in the loine be the time the other nobbs arrive."

"I will have the horses sent around, and you can rely upon it that they will be just the very best and all the style. What name, please?"

"Muldoon," and our hero gave his address and paid for the nags in advance, so as to be sure of them.

At the appointed hour the horses arrived.

Muldoon looked at them with some little distrust, but concluded that this was only on account of his ignorance.

"It may be the stoyle," he remarked, "but

"I could niver do it in the worruld, Terry," she gasped.

"Yez must, thin, for that's all the stoyle."

"Well, but how am I iver to get up on his back? Sure, he's as big as the ilphant that they sint us at Calcutta."

"Ye might fly up, or jump out av the sec-ond story windy and light on his back."

"Ah, don't be making fun, Terry. Sure, I niver can ride the beast in me life. The little wan was meant for me, I know."

"It wor not, and it's truth I'm tellin' ye. It's all the stoyle to ride mismatched horses, and the lady must always have the biggest, av coarse."

"Well, thin, somebody will have to lift me

gave a languid glance at the queer couple, while the Arabs on the outskirts of the crowd just howled with joy.

Broad grins, audible smiles, and regular guffaws greeted the Muldoons as they rode on and our hero was conscious of having created an immense sensation.

"They're all onto the stoyle av us, Bedalia," he remarked audibly when they had gone half way down the row.

"Oh, Terry, I niver can shtay an this big beast," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a startled whisper. "I know I shall fall off anny minnute."

"Kape yer seat, Bedalia. Hould an at anny xpinsie. It'll never do to have anything happen to yez now, whin the eyes av all the aris-



"They're all onto the stoyle av us, Bedalia," he remarked audibly when they had gone half way down the row. "Oh, Terry, I niver can shtay an this big beast," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a startled whisper.

"I know I shall fall off anny minnute."

av it is it's loike a good manny other things; being in the fashion may make them sought afther, but it'll niver make them beautiful."

The horses that the livery man had sent were daisies.

The one intended for Muldoon was a dapper little fellow, hardly more than a pony, with thin legs, waspish body, and a tail like a used-up scrubbing brush.

Mrs. Muldoon's steed was a corker from Cork.

He stood fully seventeen hands, to begin with.

His legs were like beans, he had feet as big as butter tubs, his tail nearly swept the ground, and he had one bad eye and one good one.

It needed a step-ladder to mount him, and a steady head to keep one's seat after being mounted.

The two brutes together strongly reminded one of David and Goliath, or of Tom Thumb and the giant, for one was as big as the other was small.

"Is the little wan for me, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, when she saw the beasts.

"It is not, it is for me, and ye are to ride the big feller."

an the era'ther's back, thin, for I can niver get there mesilf."

However, by the assistance of a horse block, the boy from the stable, a couple of chairs and Muldoon himself the lady was finally in the saddle and all secure.

She was dressed in the latest style, of course, with a long habit, a high silk hat and patent-leather boots, and carried a silver-mounted riding-whip.

Muldoon straddled his cob, and the two went off at a canter.

When they entered the park and joined the procession of horses, carriages and all sorts of rigs that made up the life of Rotten Row, they created a sensation.

Muldoon, in his loud costume, upon that toy nag, and his wife, towering away above him on her big giant of a nag, was a sight to make the bronze statues laugh.

"Begob, I'm thinking that we par'lyze them all," whispered Muldoon, as he gazed about him.

He certainly attracted more attention than anybody else within ten miles.

The dudes stationed along the drive on the other side of the railings smiled and put up their glasses, the swell ladies sitting back in their carriages, showing off their gay toilets,

toocracy av London are upon ye. Brace up, ma lady."

"But I know I'll fall, Terry. Why didn't ye let me ride the wan ye have?"

"Bogob, there's no danger av me fallin'," muttered Muldoon. "I can almost reach the ground wid me feet as it is."

Of course two such queer riders attracted plenty of notice.

The top of Muldoon's high hat came below the level of his wife's shoulder, and every attempt at conversation on her part only made her position the more unstable.

They had gone down the road once and were returning on the other side, when Mrs. Muldoon gave a scream.

"Oh, Terry, I'm slipping, I know I am. Shtop the horse, shtop him."

Muldoon seized the big brute's bridle and stopped him, but not soon enough to prevent the catastrophe that Mrs. Muldoon had foreseen.

The saddle girth slipped, or became unbuckled, or maybe it was simply the natural fright at being perched so high in the air, and in an instant poor Mrs. Muldoon was un-horsed.

She stood in the road, looking the picture of

distress, while Muldoon looked on in helpless despair.

However much the nobs might have been amused at the singular appearance of the Muldoons, there was not one of them who were not ready to assist a lady in distress.

"I'll ride the big brute meself," said Muldoon, "and do ye git upon the little wan."

"Yis; but, Terry," and Mrs. Muldoon's voice dropped, "I can't ride him wid that koind av a saddle."

"Indeed ye can't," and Muldoon laughed. "We'll have to change it for ye, for I'll not let ye ride that big brute, stoyle or no stoyle."

Several gentlemen now came forward to assist Muldoon, and among the number our hero recognized a certain Lord Fitz Norris, a young nobleman whose acquaintance he had made a few days previous.

Fitz Norris was a bit of a calf, having considerable more money than ability to earn it, but he was no cad, and would help any one who needed his assistance.

"Aw, that you, Muldoon?" he remarked, carelessly. "Chawmed to meet you. In trouble, eh? What appears to be the mattah?"

"This is me wife, Lord Fitz Norris, Mrs. Muldoon, Fitz Norris, a peer av the realm. Me wife's harse is unmanageable, and we wor going to change saddles."

"No occasion for that, Muldoon, not the least. Just step aside a moment. My mother is here in her carriage, and she will take Mrs. Muldoon in. Aw, theah she is now!"

"Bedalia riding be the side av the mother av a real lord!" gasped Muldoon. "Begorrah, I may become a juke meself some day. Me Lord Muldoon! Faix, it has a foine sound!"

Mrs. Muldoon took several turns around the park in the Dowager Lady Fitz Norris' carriage, Muldoon riding alongside, Fitz Norris himself being just behind.

The overgrown nag was given to a boy to hold, and afterward sent back to the stable, Mrs. Muldoon being taken home in the carriage of Lady Fitz Norris.

"I'm a thousand times obliged to ye, Fitz Norris, and to ye also, me lady," said Muldoon at parting. "Ye have rendhered me a service that neither me nor Mrs. Muldoon will ever forget."

"Pray don't mention it, me deah fellah," said Fitz Norris languidly. "The pleasah is mutual. Pleased to have met you, Lady Muldoon, and I trust we may meet often."

"Oh, Terry, did yez hear phwat the young gentleman called me?" cried Mrs. Muldoon delightedly when the swells had departed and they had entered the house. "He called me Lady Muldoon."

"Well, ye are a lady, are ye not?"

"Av coarse I am, but I haven't a title, yez knows, Terry."

"Be heavens, ye have as much title to be called a lady as anny wan in the land, Bedalia, and if anny wan says ye haven't I'll slug him! Ye're me wife, and that's enough."

"Oh, but he must have h'ard ye callin' me 'me lady,' Terry, as ye often do, and that's why he thought I wor somebody—maybe a duchess or something big."

"Ye're big enough as it is, and ye don't want to go getting anny foolish ideas in yer head," muttered Muldoon. "Ye're the wife of an Irish-American gentleman and natheralized citizen, and that's title enough for anny wan."

When Roger heard of his father's adventure in Hyde Park he laughed and remarked to his mother's companion:

"There, Miss Kitty, you see there are others beside me who like to play roots on dad. How he must have looked."

"Are you sure that you did not have anything to do with it, you bad boy?" asked Kitty, smiling.

"Dead sure. You don't think I'd play jokes on ma, do you? Pop is different, but I never rig the other head of the house."

"You'd better not," laughed Kitty, "or you might get her slipper."

"No, I'm too old for that, and then it's always best to keep solid with your mother. I can work the old gent for extra expenses so much better when I do, you know."

"Well, I shall tell your father to cut off your allowance if you play any more tricks on him," said Kitty, giving Roger a box on the ear.

"No use," laughed the young fellow, "for I carry the bank book and can raise my own salary whenever I please."

A night or two after this, Roger asked his father to go out on the river with him for a row.

There was no job on hand, however, Roger's proposal being innocent enough, as he simply

wanted to have some fun and a little exercise.

"The lights on the embankment will be going, dad," he remarked, "and we can see how the city looks from the river."

"I wouldn't mind taking a spin, me bye," said Muldoon, and jumping into an underground train they rode to Charing Cross and then walked to Waterloo bridge where they found boats to hire.

The boatmen offered to take them anywhere and everywhere, for a consideration, but Roger concluded that he would rather row himself.

"I tell you what we will do, pop," he said. "We will both take a boat and I'll row you a race along shore."

"I'm wid yez," cried Muldoon. "A pound to a pinny that I beat ye be a length before we get to the next bridge."

"I'll go you, dad."

Then Roger and Muldoon picked out a couple of light skiffs, took their seats and started.

Muldoon won the race, and then Roger proposed that they row over to the Surrey side of the river and see what was going on there.

The two boats kept nearly alongside, neither Roger nor Muldoon caring to over-exert themselves.

The lights on the embankment shone on the waters, and were reflected from a hundred points, the great illuminated clock in the House of Lords looked down upon them with its big round face, and from the city itself a myriad lights flashed forth in the darkness.

Suddenly they heard a shrill whistle from the further side of Waterloo bridge.

One of those spiteful little steam launches, patronized by penny excursionists, was coming.

"Look out, pop," cried Roger, putting on a spurt. "There's a steamer coming."

"Sure I'm not afraid av that," laughed Muldoon. "She can't come under the bridge with that big smoke stack."

Couldn't she, though?

Muldoon rested on his oars in mid-stream, so as to get a good view down the river and under the bridge.

In a jiffy, as the steamer reached the bridge, her smoke-stack tilted over, nearly to the deck so as to clear the bridge, and on she went with unabated speed.

In less than a minute she had passed under, raised her stack again and heading up stream at a gallop, tooting like mad.

Muldoon was so astonished at this feat, which is of common occurrence on the Thames, that he forgot all about the danger he was in.

The scream of the steam whistle recalled him to his senses.

He grabbed his oars and pulled for dear life.

Too late.

The swell from the screw caught his frail craft, his oar became suddenly cramped, and in a twinkling he was overboard in the muddy waters of the Thames.

PART XX.

MEAN overboard! Help me out or I'll be strangled!"

This was what Muldoon said when he suddenly found himself floundering in the dirty water of the Thames.

He might well say that he would be strangled if he wasn't helped out.

The Thames is the dirtiest river in the world, particularly so in the vicinity of London, and to swallow its filthy water is worse than taking an emetic.

"Save me, Roger, me bye, or I'll be dhrowned before yer eyes, and yer mother will be a widdy."

"What's the matter with swimming, pop?" asked Roger.

"Faix, I never thought av that," muttered Muldoon, as he struck out for the boat.

Roger succeeded in capturing the other boat before it had drifted far, and Muldoon climbed into it, though how he managed to get in without upsetting it is a mystery.

"Let's go down the river, dad," suggested Roger.

"Faix, I've had all av the river I want," muttered Muldoon. "I feel as if I'd been in the sewer. If I've got to fall into the river often, I'll look out for cleaner wather next time, begob."

"Do you intend to make a steady thing of it, dad?"

"Deed I don't, but it's just as well to be prepared, I suppose, and the next time I

go out sailing I'll ascertain if the wather is clean beforehand."

Roger laughed, and then he and his father rowed back to the embankment and landed.

"Faix, I can niver walk home wid these wet clothes," remarked Muldoon.

"You can't go very well without them, pop," answered the young joker. "You'd be liable to arrest."

"Begob, I did not mean to say that it wor me intintion to go widout anny," said Muldoon in disgust. "It's the wetness I object to."

"You'd have to pay a water tax on 'em, pop, they're so full of it."

"A land tax, ye mean, faix, for there's more mud than wather on me, I'm thinking."

"Get into a cab, pop."

"And ruin the cushions? Sure, no cabman wud take me unless I paid for his conveyance."

"Well, you might settle the trouble by riding on the engine of one of the underground trains, dad. Then you'd get dry."

"Faix, it's dhry enough I am. Now that ye mintion it, though, the dhryness is an the insode."

"Run in and get two-pence worth of something hot. I won't look, and if ma asks me if you've been drinking, I can tell her I didn't see you."

"Go on now, ye young deceiver. Do yez think yer mother asks an account av me comings and goings ivery toime I go out? She has more confidence in me, ye young sparrow."

"Well, don't say I wasn't ready to stick up for you, father," answered Roger, with a chuckle. "What do you say to walking?"

"I'm not that fond av pedestrian exercise, me bye. I think I'll hail wan av them thripiny busses and ride on the seat wid the dhriver. Ye can go insode."

This was satisfactory enough, and in another half hour they were at home, when Muldoon made haste to get out of his wet garments.

"If ye're going to make it a practice to fall into the sewer, Terry," said his wife reproachfully, "ye'd better have a clean suit handy and leave yer others behind. Sure, no one would care to wash them things."

"It wor the river I fell into, me Irish diamond," said Muldoon with a grin, "though I can't blame ye for denominating it a sewer. Sure, the streets av New York, six months after an election, bear no compar'son wid it in p'int av filthiness."

"And how come ye to get into the river? It's not a champion swimmer ye are?"

"It is not. It wor me own fault, settin' meself up for knowing more than Roger."

"I always tould ye he wor a bright bye," replied Mrs. Muldoon admiringly. "It's little he don't know, faith."

"I believe ye, me lady. Faix, I wish he didn't know so much sometomes. I think that mebby av he wasn't so cute I wouldn't be cot be snaps as often as I am."

"Sure, if ye must be a natheral born Idjit and allow yerself to be taken in so often, it's no fault av the bye's," retorted his wife with considerable asperity, and Muldoon thought it wise not to pursue the subject any further.

The next day Muldoon was off by himself, when, happening to pass the building devoted to the exhibition of the celebrated Mme. Tussaud's wax-works, he concluded to take them in.

"I wondher if they're anything like the wans an the Bowery in New York?" he mused. "I guess not, fer you do hear av them all over the worrlid. A quarther isn't much, and it'll give me a chance to rist afther thripin' around so much."

So he paid his shilling entrance fee, and afterward squandered sixpence on a catalogue, which the attendant said would explain everything, and without which he would be helpless.

"The English are getting civilized in some things, though they are still behind us in many," he observed, wisely. "They say it is only a shilling to go in, but it's a good deal more to get out, begob!"

"They use candles for gas, and can't give ye a dacint shave, and they have gerrul bartenders, but whin it comes to coaxing money out of yez, they're aqual to anny man in the worrlid."

The first thing that struck his eye on entering the main hall was a policeman done in wax, but so natural looking as to deceive even him.

"A cop is the only wan in London, or England nither," he remarked, "who is willing to give ye any information widout expecting to

be ped for it. I'll ax him which is the best thing to luck at."

Up he walks to the dummy Bobby, and says politely:

"Can yez tell me phwat's most worth luckin' at in the place?"

The officer stood immovable, as do most of the London police when on post, and never said a word.

Muldoon repeated his question in a louder tone, and thus attracted the attention of the bystanders.

A laugh aroused him, and then he saw from the stony stare of the copper that he was but an imitation affair and not the genuine article.

"Sucked in again, begorrah," he muttered,

when Muldoon sat down, but just now along came a pudgy little Englishman with his wife and family whom he was giving a treat.

"What a brutal-looking wretch!" cried the lady, pausing in front of Muldoon.

"Ain't he horrid!" exclaimed the eldest daughter. "I know he must have done something awful."

"Regular brute, don't ye know," added the heir of the family. "What a hangdog look, but how natural, don't ye know."

"I'm sure he murdered his wife and children," said the youngest girl. "He looks it. Ugh! What a depraved expression! I know I shall dream of that frightful face."

Muldoon suddenly became aware that the family was talking about him.

have. "This is only a take-in, you know. This fellow is employed by the company to deceive people, and he is paid by the week, one pound four shillings—"

"If you say sevenpence," cried Muldoon, "I'll raise the ante av the victims up to an even dozen. Spake in round numbers, me man, and don't go fooling wid the odd pennies."

Then Muldoon left, not caring to be taken for wax by any one else, and resolving to say nothing about this little adventure, seeing that it reflected no great amount of credit upon him.

One evening, shortly after this, Muldoon came home to dinner, and surprised his wife by saying:



"Get out of the way!" yelled the crowd. "Be heavens, I'll not move!" cried Muldoon, firmly. "It's an American citizen I am, and I'll not flinch before the armies av all the worruld." At this moment the advancing column was almost upon him.

as he walked away. "It must be a foine wax work that'll deceive the eyes av Terrence Muldoon."

Then he walked around the room, taking in the royal family, the rulers of the world and all the o'her big guns, coming at last to the chamber of horrors, where he had to pay another sixpence.

There wasn't anything horrible about the place, as he naturally expected from the name, there being simply a collection of noted murderers, male and female, posing in rows around the room.

"Sure, there's nothing in here to alarm ye," he mused. "I thought me hair would be shtanding an ind in a minyute, but ther part isn't disturbed aven."

Seeing an empty chair and feeling tired, he sat down, took off his hat, placed it on the floor and gazed absently at his feet.

Now this chair had formerly been occupied by one of the figures which had been taken to the repair shop to be touched up, leaving its place vacant.

Back of Muldoon, and a little above his head, was the number which had reference to the figure in the catalogue, but of this he was unaware.

The place happened to be nearly deserted

He was too much astonished to say anything, and just then the pudgy man, turning over the leaves of his catalogue, said:

"Number two hundred and six: Michael MacFadden, of Killyboggin, noted criminal; dispatched an entire family of eleven persons for the sake of the paltry sum of two pounds, three shillings and sevenpence. The monster!"

"What an ugly brute!"

"He looks as if he'd like to kill some one now."

"Be heavens, ye're right," cried Muldoon, jumping up and squaring off. "Come an, ye little dumpling, and the bye, too. I'll lick the both av yez wid wan hand."

"Oh, dear!" shrieked the ladies. "He's alive!"

"Yis, I am, and very much so," replied Muldoon, angrily. "Do yez think I'm sitting here to be insulted? Come an till I parlyze ye, me bantam."

"Oh, sir, it was all a mistake," cried the wife, rushing between Muldoon and her husband. "We really did not know you were alive. We wouldn't insult you for all the world."

"Don't mind him, my dear," said the little man, in the officious way which all little men

"Bedalia, me darlin', it's dying for want av gaitly ye are. Phwat do ye suppose I'm going to treat ye to?"

"Sure I don't know, Terry. I think I enjoy meself pretty well."

"Yis, but this is ould fashioned sport."

"Is it a fair, Terry?" cried the lady, delightedly.

"No, but a review and a sham fight out at Hampton Coort to-morrow. Fitz Norris will be there and give us a seat on his coach. He can't take us, but we'll go be an early thrain, and soon foind him."

"Sure, that'll be deloightful. Is Roger going?"

"Yis, I suppose so," said Muldoon, with a sigh. "If I leave him behind he'll be in mischievous, and if I take him wid us he'll be doing the same, but then I'll have me eye on him."

"Yis, ye will," laughed Mrs. Muldoon. "If ye thried to watch him, ye'd be cross eyed in ten minyutes."

Of course Muldoon had no intention of leaving Roger out, but he liked to tease his wife now and then, though he did not always get the best of it.

Well, the next morning dawned bright and beautiful, even in the smoky city, and the

Muldoon's took an early start, so as not to miss any of the festivities.

Fitz Norris was already on the ground when they reached the rendezvous, and Mrs. Muldoon and Roger were given places on the coach.

The different companies of military were beginning to form here and there, and the bright uniforms, glittering brass and steel, the flash of gold lace, and the intermingling of colors made a most picturesque scene.

"Begob, av the Irish brigade wor here there'd be nothing lacking," remarked Muldoon, with pardonable pride.

Presently another coach drove up, and Mrs. Muldoon recognized several lady friends of hers, and an animated conversation at once sprang up.

"Sure, I think I see Dinny Fitzpatrick and his byes over there," cried Muldoon in a moment. "I know him be the size av his hat. Excuse me a minyute, while I run over and have a bit av a discourse wid him."

Mrs. Muldoon and the ladies were deep in the discussion of new bonnets, lace flounces and other feminine affairs, and hardly heard Muldoon's excuses.

Roger had started an acquaintance with Reggy Fitz Norris, a young brother of his lordship, a smart boy of his own age, and he, of course, had no objection to his father's going wherever he pleased.

Denny Fitzpatrick and his three big sons, bigger than their father, in fact, were friends whom Muldoon had lately picked up, and he considered it incumbent upon him to do the honors, introduce them to his swell acquaintances and show them around generally.

Fitzpatrick was a dapper little man of not much more than five feet in height, who wore a very tall silk hat in order to make him more conspicuous.

He had married a regular giantess of a woman and her sons took after her, towering several inches over their father, although they had not yet acquired their full stature.

"There's wan thing I don't like, Muldoon" the little man had confided to his friend, in the first hour of their acquaintance.

"Phwat's that, Dinny?" asked Muldoon, becoming interested. "Is it the difference in soize bechune ye and Mrs. Fitz?"

"No, it's not that, nor is it bekase me boys are all bigger nor me, me frind."

"Well, thin, phwat is it?"

"Why, it's having me wofe cut down the boys' cast-off garments to make them fit me. That's where I dhray the loine."

"Sure, I'd not stand it at all," cried Muldoon, though he was aching to laugh at the little man's intense earnestness.

Having caught sight of the Fitzpatricks, Muldoon now hurried over to where they were standing on a little knoll overlooking the field, and exchanged greetings.

"How are ye, Dinny? How are ye, byes? Ye're all luckin' foine the day. It's an unexpected pleasure to see yez, 'deed it is. How is yer lady wofe?"

"Foine, Terrence, foine. We left her in the carriage to luck about us a bit. When did ye come? Did ye bring Mrs. Muldoon? Juliet wud like very much to see her, I know."

Juliet was Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but she was anything besides the willowy creature that Shakespeare's lovely heroine is generally considered.

"She's over wid the Fitz Norris party: great swells they are entirely. Dinny—mimbers av parliament and all that. I'll inthroujue ye later an."

"A mamber av parliament is no better than anny wan else," retorted Fitzpatrick, bridling. "Sure, I'm descended from the kings av Ireland, but I don't brag about it."

"Well, I'll inthroujue yez at anny rate," answered Muldoon placidly. "But, I say, we're missing all the fun. The review is going an right before our eyes. It's an iligant place ye have chosen to see it from."

"Yis, I have it on account av me size. Maybe we'd better go back to the carriage."

"Stay where ye are, father," said one of the young giants, and the father stayed.

The different companies were beginning to march across the plain, the sound of fife and drum and the inspiring strains of military bands adding to the excitement.

They marched and countermarched, formed in squares, spread out in great lines, separated into squadrons, marched in the form of crosses, triangles and crescents, and performed all sorts of evolutions, greatly to the delight of Muldoon and his friends.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded, and all the

foot soldiers dashed off to a remote part of the field where a square was formed.

This marched out from the rest, and then a body of cavalry was seen dashing forward as if for an attack.

"Luck at the foine harses they have," cried Muldoon. "Be heavens, it's a sojer I ought to be meself. I have all the enthusiasm av a warrior in me."

"It's a foine soight," muttered Fitzpatrick, "and an iligant view we have of it, too."

Suddenly, however, confused cries were heard, coming from people at other parts of the field, and from the troopers themselves.

"Hi-hi! get out of the way there!"

"Clear the track. You fat-headed duffers, get out of the road!"

"Hi-hi! do you want to be run down?"

Suddenly Fitzpatrick uttered a cry of dismay.

"Troth, Terrence, I think it's this way they're coming."

Muldoon shot a rapid glance at the troopers.

There was no doubt of it. The line was bearing down upon them, and was scarcely three hundred feet off.

Right and left it extended for a considerable distance and there was no escape.

"Get out of the way!" yelled the crowd.

Impossible!

There was no more chance of escaping now than there was of stopping the tide from rising.

"Be heavens, I'll not move!" cried Muldoon firmly. "It's an American citizen I am, and I'll not flinch before the armies av all the woruld."

At this moment the advancing column was almost upon him.

PART XXI.

HE advancing columns of cavalry rapidly approached, the hoofs of the gallant steeds thundering over the ground.

Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks were directly in the course of the galloping troopers.

They had been yelled at but it was now too late to get out of the way.

On came the soldiers, and it looked as if Muldoon and his friends would be trampled under foot. Muldoon was dflant, but little Denny Fitzpatrick and his three strapping sons were frightened out of their wits.

"Oho, Terry, it's killed we are."

"Rise father, rise, for the love av heaven!" cried the boys.

On came the horsemen, when, just as they reached the little group, some hurried orders were heard, the troops divided, the bugles tooted, and the men rode by on either side, closing up again after they had passed.

But as they were going by those funny soldiers made it interesting for Muldoon and his crowd.

They hit them with the flat side of their swords; they knocked their hats over their eyes; they gave them sundry kicks and but-fets, and they yelled like so many demons.

When the troop had passed, Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks sat on the ground looking the very picture of distress.

All that could be seen of the soldiers was a cloud of dust with here and there the glitter of a helmet or the flash of a red coat.

The brim of Muldoon's high hat hung around his neck like a wreath, but where the top was no one knew.

Fitzpatrick had lost his hat altogether, and the boys had but one between them.

A more broken up lot of spectators it would have been hard to find.

"Has the eruption subsided?" asked Muldoon. "Begorra, if this is only a sham battle, I don't want to be inthroujued to the genuine article in a hurry."

"Oh, Muldoon, phwy did ye bring me here?" cried Fitzpatrick. "It's killed I am."

"Rise up, Dinny, rise up, and shake yourself together. Over beyant is a booth where they do be selling real Bass's ale for two pence the pint. I think I could dhrink a gallon."

The words had the effect of magic.

Denny was himself again in two shakes, and he and Muldoon made their way to the booth, and were soon toning up on the amber fluid so dear to the English heart.

Muldoon threatened to keep his promise of drinking a gallon by the looks of things, for one pint pot was no sooner emptied than he called for another.

It did not end in Muldoon's finishing his gallon, but it did result in his caring nothing

for the review, or anything connected therewith.

He left Fitzpatrick in the booth and started off across the fields with no particular end in view, except perhaps to get into some shady corner and take a nap.

He crossed a field, climbed over a low stone wall and entered a shady park, where he soon found a shaded spot under a big tree where the grass was soft and velvety and just meant for repose.

"Be heavens, this is the foine place I've struck yet," he mused, as he braced his back against a tree, lighted a cigar and puffed away contentedly.

In his enjoyment he forgot that he had no hat and that his clothes were more or less soiled and torn, and that his wife and Roger were waiting for him.

All he knew was that he was having a good time now and that he was sleepy, and that was all he cared about.

Before he had finished his cigar he let it fall from his fingers upon the grass, and stretching out his legs was fast asleep.

He was enjoying the dandiest sort of a nap when along came the owner of the place with his gardener and one of his game keepers and espied Muldoon asleep.

"Well, well, these poachers are getting more impudent every day!" growled Sir Bashly Motoned, the boss of the park.

"I warned this 'ere feiler hoff only yesterday, yer honor," said the keeper.

"You did?" growled the withered sprig of nobility, Sir Bashly being old enough to be Muldoon's grandfather.

"Yes, yer honor, leastwise it looks like him."

"It's a trespass, at any rate," muttered the other. "Wake 'im up and take him in custody."

It was easier to do the latter than to perform the former command.

All the known means of waking a man up were tried without success.

They pounded on the soles of his feet, they tickled his ears with straws, they pulled his nose.

No use!

Muldoon slept like a top.

"Carry him off to the house and lock him up," muttered Sir Bashly. "I'll send word to Sir Dinkley Waggles, who is a magistrate, and we'll try this fellow at once."

Sir Dinkley's place adjoined that of Sir Bashly's, and both were great cronies, for Sir Bashly was thinking of standing for the borough of Slapdash, his native town, and Sir Dinkley had considerable influence there.

In America we run for office; in England they stand for it; hence the greater exhaustion consequent upon being defeated in this country.

The keeper and the gardener grabbed Muldoon, head and heels, and lugged him off to a damp, ill-furnished, stuffy old stone barracks called the Hall, by courtesy, and left him there, in a room on the ground floor.

Sir Bashly put on lots of lugs, called his house Bashly Hall, would not associate with his rich neighbors who had no titles, and thought himself the biggest toad in the local puddle. He lived near a royal palace, and though poor as Job's turkey, put on more style than the queen herself.

Muldoon was laid on a bench in the "office," as it was called, though why no one knew, while Sir Bashly sent over for Sir Dinkley to come and sit on the case.

The messenger had been gone but a few minutes when a coach drove into the grounds with a great deal of noise and flurry.

Lord Fitz Norris, Lady Fitz Norris, the Honorable Reginald Fitz Norris, Sir Humphrey Muggles, the Honorable Miss Daisy Muggles, Mrs. Muldoon and Roger Muldoon occupied the coach, and they had come to call upon Sir Bashly and take lunch with him.

The old snob stood greatly in awe of Fitz Norris, for the latter had expressed his intention of putting up a candidate against him at Slapdash, and Sir Bashly realized the necessity of propitiating the great man.

"Welcome to Bashly Hall," cried the old fossil, grandiloquently, standing on the rotten platform called a veranda by a great stretch of the imagination. "Come in and partake of my poor hospitality."

Fitz Norris had evidently been aware that it was poor, for he had brought his own provider with him, and his servants now brought in an immense hamper filled with all sorts of good things.

"You were not at the review this morning, Motoned?" asked Fitz Norris. "We looked for you."

"No, my son's regiment did not participate, and therefore I could not patronize the affair. Come into the drawing-room, while my servants are getting the banquet-hall ready. Pleased to see your friends, my lord."

"What an old guy!" whispered Roger to Reggy Fitz Norris.

"Yes, he's a regular duffer, but the governor likes to fool him. He could never carry Slapdash, but it's cheaper to buy him off, dad says."

Just as the party was about to sit down to lunch, Sir Dinkley Waggles, the local justice, was announced and made his appearance.

"How are you, Waggles?" cried Fitz Norris, to a pompous and powdered old ruffian of seventy-five, eaten up with gout, purple with

took four of my people to apprehend him. Hadn't you better send for a constable?"

"I think not. Fetch him in here and give him something to eat. He must have been awfully disappointed when he struck your place, Bashly, old boy."

The bogus aristocrat colored and gave orders for the prisoner to be brought in at once.

Muldoon had just finished his nap and was sitting on the bench trying to realize where he was, when a couple of flunkies came in and said briskly:

"Me lud wants to see you, sir, at once. Follow us."

"My lord who?" asked Muldoon.

"Fitz Norris."

you can stand for Slapdash without my assistance. Do you understand that? I wouldn't give you a blessed penny, sir; no, sir, not even a farthing. Bah! you old woman."

Then the irate magistrate hobbled out and Sir Bashly's goose was as good as cooked, for he had relied on Sir Dinkley's support in the coming election.

That suited Fitz Norris, for he made the old humbug a little present and thereby got his word that he would withdraw from the contest.

Muldoon joined in the lunch with the rest of the party, and good-naturedly submitted to the jokes that were made at his expense.

Late in afternoon the whole party returned to London, and Muldoon declared that he



When the troop had passed, Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks sat on the ground looking the very picture of distress. All that could be seen of the soldiers was a cloud of dust with here and there the glitter of a helmet or the flash of a red coat.

apoplexy, and stuffed full of self-conceit, who now appeared. "Come to decide some case of Muttonhead's, I beg his pardon, Motoned."

"H'm! I believe so," grunted the judge, "though why the plague he couldn't bring the man to me I can't see, for the life of me."

Thus he puffed and grunted and sat down while Sir Bashly explained that they had caught a poacher trespassing on the park and had locked him up in the office or butler's pantry.

As Sir Bashly had no butler, he could not very well have a pantry, and as he was not in business, he could not have an office either, but then, there's everything in a name.

"Fetch him out, Bashly," cried Fitz Norris. "I'd like to see a real live poacher, and I haven't attended a hearing before a magistrate in I don't know how long."

"Phwat's a poacher, me dear?" whispered Mrs. Muldoon to the honorable Miss Waggles.

"It's a man who shoots your game, but I don't believe there's as much as a rabbit on the whole place. Sir Bashly is terribly poor, but awfully proud, don't ye know."

"That's generally the case," returned Mrs. Muldoon.

"He's terrible fellow," said Sir Bashly. "It

"Is it in his house I am? Sure, I thought he lived in London."

"It isn't his house, but he wants to see you."

"Oh, begorrah, I remember now!" cried Muldoon. "Sure, I ran away and left me wife and son wid him, and thin the sojers ran over me, and thin I got full av beer and went to sleep somewhere, and he's luckin' for me. Faix, it's very careless I am."

Then he followed the men and was ushered into the dining-hall, where he was at once recognized by all his friends.

Sir Bashly was very much surprised that his guests could make so much fuss over a poacher, but the rest of them thought it was a great joke.

"In trouble again, Terry," cried his wife. "Ye'll have to take Roger or me along wid yez to take care av yez."

"Ye might do, Bedalia," retorted Muldoon, "but I'll niver trust meself to Roger. It's whin he's around that I do be getting into trouble."

"Where's your prisoner, Sir Bashly?" demanded Sir Dinkley Waggles.

"Why, here he is, but he seems to be on the best of terms with everybody."

"You're an old fool!" stormed the other. "You brought me here for nothing. Now

hadn't had such a day in years, but that he did not care much for sham fights.

The next day, in the afternoon, Roger was coming home when he met a fellow with a hand-organ, playing "Sweet Home" for all he knew how.

The organ was a particularly loud one and the grinder's turning was not of the best, so you can imagine the racket it made.

"Sweet Home, eh?" observed Roger. "That might make some fellows homesick, but I'm as much at home in London or Hong Kong, as in New York."

He listened for a few moments and then an idea came into his head, which was always ready to take in such things.

"That'll be a good one on pop," he mused. "He's been getting into scrapes on his own account, lately, and it's my turn now, I guess."

Approaching the grinder he said:

"Say, Paddy, would you like to earn a dollar this eve?"

"Go an now. It's an I-talian I am," replied the man, who was as Irish as the bogs.

"A sweet lot you are," returned Roger. "You're too good-looking for an Italian. Do you want to earn a dollar, I said?"

"An English dollar or an American dollar— which is it?"

"H'm! An English dollar is a crown or five shillings. You'll make a shilling off me."

"Well, a fine, handsome bye like ye can afford it, can't ye."

"Now I know you're an Irishman," returned Roger, with a laugh. "Well, we'll make it a crown, seeing that you're in the land of the queen."

"Begorra, ye might make it a sovereign, since ye're spakin' av r'yality," answered the quick-witted fellow.

"You have pounds enough to lug around in your organ," answered Roger.

"Yis, and me own pounds is diminishing on account av it. The weight av it pulls all the flesh off me bones."

"Well, we'll say a crown, then."

"All right, sor. That's four shillin' more than I've earned to-day, Phwhat'll I do for it, me lad?"

"Come in front of our house to-night, about ten o'clock, and play 'Sweet Home' as long as you can."

"The bobbies'll run me in if I play after nine."

"Oh, I'll chance that. Come at half-past, if you like."

"And ye'll give me five bob for that?"

"Yes."

"Phwhere do ye live?"

Roger told him, and added:

"Play nothing but that one tune, now. You'll remember?"

"Faix, I'll play it till the whole nebbherhood is sick av it, and wishes that I wor there meself."

"That's it. Here's a half crown. I'll give you the other when you come."

"I'll not fail ye, me bye. It's a young gentleman ye are, and ye ought to be Irish, be the bigness av yer heart."

"Oh, I am half that, anyhow."

"Faith, I knew it," said the flatterer, while Roger laughed and went on.

Muldoon was sitting in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe, in his wife's room, that night at about ten when the dulcet tones of an organ were heard in the street just outside.

"Listen to that now, Bedalia," he said. "Doesn't that sound bootiful? Doesn't the sound of that sweet song carry ye back to New York?"

"Faith it does, Terry. It's like the voice av an angel."

"So it is, me jool. I niver thought that a simple melody like that wud affect me, but it does."

"It's bekase we are away from home, Terry."

"Yis. Sure, I can fancy meself sittin' in me own parlor half expectin' that some av the byes'll come in."

"To sample yer beer, Terry? Yis, it brings back fond recollections to meself."

"Go tell Roger to trow the man some pinnes. Sure he may not have a home av his own."

"Faix, I can almost imagine meself on the steamer goin' up the bay."

"Yis, and I can see the bridge and the Goddess av Liberty and Trinity Church."

A rattle of coin was heard on the sidewalk, but the tune went on just the same.

After a time it began to grow quite monotonous.

Even the song of the nightingale, the sweetest voiced of all birds, is said to pall on the ear at last.

One can stand the choral harmonies of a cat serenade for a time, but even they grow tiresome at length.

Presently Muldoon began to fidget.

"I wonder av he has no more tunes in that music-box av his," he muttered.

Evidently the man had not, by the sound of things.

"Begob, av he don't shtop I'll go woid," growled Muldoon.

"He's playing his money's worth, I suppose, Terry."

"Well, he needn't be so ginerous. Let him go in front av the next house."

The fellow was evidently a fixture, for he never stirred.

Romance was now a mockery and Muldoon was furious.

He threw up the window, stuck out his head, and yelled:

"Go on out o' that, ye maraudher, or I'll set the dogs an ye."

The music went on all the same.

"Go on or I'll call the police."

This threat had no more effect than the former one.

"Go an, or I'll shoot ye full av holes."

Shotguns, revolvers and bunderbusses had, apparently, no terror for that indomitable musician.

The organist went right on just as if nothing had happened.

Muldoon now thought he would try another tack.

If threats were of no avail persuasion might be.

He determined to try the effort of a bribe.

"How much do yez want to go an and leave us in peace, ye nocturnal disturber?" he asked.

There was no answer.

"Will yez go for two shillin's?"

No reply.

"I'll make it half a crown."

The offer was not tempting enough.

Muldoon was nearly frantic.

"I'll fix the sucker," he growled, as he stuck in his head.

The man was right under the window, having come into the little court yard before the house.

Meanwhile Miss Warburton, the maiden lady of whom Muldoon rented the house and who lived next door, had come out on the stoop to expostulate. She was even less fond of music than Muldoon, and had no room in her heart for romance.

She had scolded the fellow from the windows, but that did not seem to do any good.

Then she came out upon the stoop and began to lay down the law.

"Go away, you nasty beast!" she screamed. "Don't you know you have no business to play at this time of night?"

The man went right on all the same, for he was bound to earn his money.

"Get out of this yard," yelled the old maid. "You've no business here at any rate. Go on to the walk, or I'll have you taken up for trespass."

The grinder had come in to get the balance of the fee Roger had promised him and that's how he happened to be there.

He moved back towards the gate, however.

Then the light in Muldoon's room went out.

"I'll fix the vilyan," remarked the victim to himself.

Then he stole softly to the window and looked out. The music was still going on.

He could see a figure in the front yard, and he chuckled to himself.

"Take that, ye persistent vagabone, and see if it will kape ye quite."

With that he threw the entire contents of an enormous water pitcher upon the head of the form below. Splash!

There was a shriek and a gasp, and then a very mad female made a dash for the house.

Miss Warburton had got the whole business. She had been about to follow the man out and give him some more chin.

Muldoon mistook her for the organ-grinder.

He was not long left in ignorance of his mistake, however.

"Be heavens, Bedalia, I've dhrownded the ould maid!" he gasped when he heard those screams.

"You ought to be horsewhipped! I'll not have you in my house another day! You did it on purpose! It wasn't clean water, either, I'm sure! Are you blind, that you couldn't know it was me? I'll wager you told the man to do it! My dress is ruined, I know it is! I shall catch my death of cold!"

All this Miss Warburton rattled off at the top of her voice and with scarcely a break while Muldoon retreated.

Hearing no response, the old maid bounced into her own house and slammed the door so that all the windows rattled.

Policemen were now whistling all around, and the grinder moped in good order just in time to escape being run in.

"Sure, that was a queer mistake I made," whispered Muldoon, when all was still.

"Yis; did ye wet her much?"

"Much! Sure, she wor drenched!"

"Well, ye didn't stop her tongue, at anny rate."

"No, I did not. It wud take a second flood to do that."

All was quiet now, however, and Muldoon turned in and went to sleep, still chuckling over the sad misfortune that had befallen that old maid.

PART XXII.

MULDOON never knew how that organ-grinder came to play 'Sweet Home' under his window so persistently, and of course our friend Roger did not take the trouble to inform him.

Miss Warburton evidently thought better of her plan of raising a fuss over the ducking Muldoon had given her, for she never mentioned it, although she treated the Muldoons with decided coolness after that.

The whole thing was coffee and cakes to Roger, however, and he had many a quiet little chuckle over it during the next few days.

"Dad won't hear 'Sweet Home' after this without having a shiver go down his back," he remarked to himself, "and I believe that if that organ-grinder were to come across his path he'd paralyze him."

There was more fun coming, however, and Muldoon was just the rooster to be made the victim, whether through Roger's instrumentality or that of some one else.

About this time Muldoon had several experiences with the delightful tip system in vogue in England and in London particularly, which are well worth recording.

One day, happening to be down on the Strand, at noon time, he concluded to get his lunch there, without bothering to go home for it.

Entering one of the restaurants in that locality, he was immediately besieged by half a dozen waiters, all desiring to seat him.

A big fellow, in a white waist-coat, swallow-tail coat, high choker and a broad smile, literally dragged him to a seat and placed a bill of fare before him.

"Begorrah, the attentions av the English menial are something to be marveled at," muttered Muldoon. "Sure, in New York, they'd let yez foind yer own seat and give ye no notice whatever until they were ready to spill a plate of hot soup or something like it in yer lap just."

Having ordered and eaten his lunch, Muldoon had no trouble in calling the waiter; in fact, the man had been hovering around him like a vulture all the time.

"Give me the check, George, and I'll get out," he remarked. "Sure, the nice and confusion av the place will drive me woid."

"Check, sir?" asked the hash dispenser, looking puzzled.

"Yis."

"Did you lose a check, sir?"

"Did I lose it? No, begorrah, I did not, bekase I niver had it."

"Then how can I give it to you, sir, if you never had it?" asked the man, with bland stupidity.

"Don't yez know what a check is?" asked Muldoon in surprise.

"Yas, sir. It's a drawst, sir, on a bank, sir. How did you come to lose it, sir?"

"Begorrah, ye bate the worruld for dinsity av ralsoning powers. It's me bill I want. Don't ye give checks?"

"Aw, that's it, eh? No, sir, we take pay right here, sir. What did you 'ave, sir?"

"Roast lamb and mint sauce, pays and turnips."

"Potatoes?"

"Yes, av coarse."

"Bread?"

"To be sure I did, and a plum tart, besides a point av beer."

"Ninepence for meat, twopence each for vegetables, that's one and three, bread is a penny, tart fourpence, and beer makes two shillings."

"Ye charge extra for bread and potatoes?"

"Yes, sir, always. Gents don't always take it, you know."

"Faix, I'll niver get used to yer haythenish ways," muttered Muldoon, rising and putting on his hat. "There's yer two bob, me man."

"Remember the waiter, sir?" his man replied, blocking his passage.

"Remember ye!" cried Muldoon, staring at the fellow. "Troth, I'm not likely to forget yez. Ye have a face that would impede the workings av the cathedral clock, so ye have."

The man stared in return, but held his hand in such a position that Muldoon instantly tumbled.

"Oh, begob, it's a fee ye want, is it? Phwy the blazes didn't yez say so? Remember ye, indadel! Sure, that bates all I ever heard."

"Yes, sir," answered the man with the outstretched hand.

"Sure, if heaven wor situated in London I believe Saint Peter would be axing every wan for a tip as he opened the gate, so contaminated would he be be the customs av the countrhy."

"Yes, sir, very funny, sir; remember the waiter, sir," said the man, unmoved by Muldoon's attempt at wit.

"Begob, I'm not likely to forget yez," replied the celebrated traveler, and dropping

sixpence into the waiter's ready palm, he made his escape.

"Faix, I see now why they wor all ready to give me a seat," he mused. "It wor a tip they were afther. Sure, I couldn't have been more attintive to a man I hadn't seen for twenty years."

A day or so afther this our hero spent part of an evening in one of the very swell music halls, a place he had not been in before, and here he had another evidence of the beauty of giving tips.

Feeling the need of liquid refreshment, and likewise the soothing influences of the narcotic weed, he called a gorgeous waiter and ordered a ginger ale and a cigar.

While the man was bringing the articles

However, he was equal to the occasion.

"No, sir, we are not allowed to take anything, sir, because that would be stealing, don't yer know, but it don't say nothink about gents giving us whatever they please."

"Oh, it doesn't?"

"No, sir," and the fellow's hand stole out from his hide in a very suggestive manner.

Muldoon did not see it, of course, as he replied:

"Ye refused phwat I thought wor ample remuneration, me swallow-tailed frind, and if yez want anything afther that yez can phwistle for it."

Not possessing that flute-like accomplishment the waiter went away in disgust, while Muldoon wondered if there was anybody in

tell the byes, the aldermen, Mulcahey and the rest, that we wint clane around the worruld and left Oireland out intoirely."

"Well, yez can run down to Liverpool, go across, spind a few days there and meet us at Queenstown."

"I think maybe I will, me Kilkenny buttherfly. Will ye tell Roger to see about the tickets?"

"I will, av coorse."

Roger was as glad to go home as any of the party, unless, perhaps, it was Miss Kitty, who was looking forward to meeting her Charlie with the liveliest anticipations.

The young artist had been most successful during his sweetheart's long absence and had



Letting himself out, Muldoon raced down to the end of the dock. The gangway was still open, and one good jump would fetch it. "Hooray for our side! I'm saved!" cried Muldoon. Then he took one great, big, huge, enormous, flying leap for the steamer. Did he make it? Did he?

Muldoon noticed a placard which informed the public that gratuities were not to be given to the waiters, as they were not allowed to take anything.

The man was so exceedingly polite, however, that after he had paid him the stunning price asked for the fizz and the smoke, Muldoon deposited sixpence into his conveniently poised right hand.

The fellow looked at the coin as though it were some rare piece which he had never seen.

Muldoon saw the look and understood it as well.

That voracious server of refreshments considered the fee too small by long odds.

Hence his look of wonder.

He thought he could brace our hero for a larger tip.

Here he was in error.

"Oh, excuse me, sor," said Muldoon, quickly taking the coin from the man's hand. "I beg a thousand pardons. I forgot that ye wor not allowed to take anything. Pray don't mention the oversight on my part."

Then that coin went into Muldoon's pocket along with the rest of his small change.

The waiter's face was a study.

London, man, woman or child, who wasn't looking for a tip.

At last, having been away from home considerabiy more than a year, Muldoon concluded to return to the land of his adoption.

"It's toired av thravel I am, Bedalia," he remarked one mornung, "and I belave that the soight av Ameriky will do me more good than a dose av medicin. Let's go home."

"I'm willing enough, Terry," responded his wife. "We've been around the worruld and have seen iverything worth seeing, and now I'd be perfectly contint to be wanst more at home in New York."

"But we haven't been to Ireland yet, me jool, and that's phwat we left home for."

"We did not and ye know it."

"Phwat was it for, thin?"

"To go around the worruld."

"Sure Ireland is a part av the world, Bedalia, and we mustn't miss it."

"So is the North Pole a part av it, but I have no desire to go there."

"Yis, but Ireland is different."

"We'll see it from the steamer as we go by, and that's all I care for. I've had thravel enough."

"But it'll niver do, Bedalia, to go back and

succeeded in making a name and plenty of money beside for himself.

Old lady Chummy, Kitty's aunt, had died in China, leaving all her property to her youngest niece, Miss Minerva and Miss Charity having caught on to rich husbands at the same time.

Our young lady was very much pleased at the thought of going home, therefore, as there was now no opposition to her marriage, and she and Charlie were to be wedded upon her return.

The duty of procuring tickets for the last stage of the journey being deputed to Roger, that young gentleman secured passage for all hands at once on an Inman steamer sailing in a couple of days.

Muldoon had already gone to Liverpool, and Roger, therefore was left to pilot the party thither, which he did satisfactorily.

They reached the smoky, dirty city only a few hours behind Muldoon, and much to his surprise and theirs found him still in the city.

"The boat does not go till to-morrow," he explained. "There was wan yesterday, but I just missed it. Are yez all going to Ireland?"

"Faix, we are not, then," answered Mrs.

Muldoon. "Ye tould Roger to buy tickets and he's done it."

"So soon?"

"Sure, there's no use in waiting a month. He war able to get just the koind av rooms we wanted an this shteamer, and he took them at wanst."

"And phwin do yez leave?"

"To-morrow morning at tin."

"Thin where's me thrip to Ireland coming in?"

"I don't know, unless you go an, and join us in Queenstown."

"The boat does not leave till to-morrow."

"Thin ye'll have to give it up."

"Never mind, I'll see the coast, anuyhow, and thin I'll shtudy up the guide book, so as to be able to give me frinds all the information they want about the ould country. It's not often that I get left, be heavens."

As the party was to leave so early the next morning, it was necessary to finsh up their sight-seeing that day, provided they had any of it to do.

Mrs. Muldoon had a few purchases to make, Roger took a scroll around town, and Muldoon went to the telegraph office.

"I'll just let the byes know I'm coming," he remarked, "and maybe they'll give me a welkim jue to me impurtance whin I set fut wanst more on me native shores—natheralized, I mean."

Consequently he went off and sent the following cablegram, prepaid, of course, to his friend the alderman.

"Sail to-morrow by the City of Dublin. All well.
"MULDOON."

"It's a coach and six that they'll have to meet me, be heavens! or I'll niver recognize them again," he observed. "Begorrah, I can plether the royal welcome they'll give me, even now, three thousand miles away, and it's no more than a great thraveler loike me deserves."

The travelers retired early that night, for there was much to be done the next morning, and they were all tired out.

Muldoon, leaving everything to Roger, sat up late talking politics with a lot of Englishmen, arguing now on one side, now on the other, and filling up on bitter beer between opinions.

He did not turn in till long past midnight, and the result was that he slept till nearly nine o'clock the next morning.

Having seen the baggage all sent on board, and dispatched Kitty and his mother to the steamer in a cab, young Mr. Muldoon now proceeded to look up his paternal parent.

"Come, pop, it's time you were getting ready," he cried, thumping on Muldoon's door.

"Phwat's that ye say?" asked Muldoon, waking up.

"Time to get ready, pop. I sent your trunk to the steamer."

"All right, me bye, I'll be wid yez in a minute."

Then our hero arose, made a most elaborate toilet, went down to his breakfast and finally started for the steamer.

Neither Roger nor his wife nor Kitty were to be seen, as they had all departed and were at that moment anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Be heavens, me mouth feels as big as a naygur's, remarked Muldoon, as he started off. "I must have something to cool it off or I'll be say-sick the forst day, begob."

Presently he struck an elegant drinking place, went in and called for something cool and refreshing.

He was drinking it when somebody made a slighting allusion to America and the Americans.

Muldoon was up in arms at once.

"Ye may think," he began, "bekase I'm an Irishman be looks, that I'll shtand anny disrespect to Ameriky that yez may see fit to make use av, but av ye do, yez wor niver more mistaken in yer loife."

"Pshaw, you're no Yankee, don't you know," replied the first speaker. "It cahn't hurt you to have hanythink said about the blarsted Hamericans, don't yer know."

"Faix, I do know, thin, and I'll prove it. I'm a free born, natheralized American citizen, and the mon that says annything agin the countrhy says it agen me."

"Now, just look 'ere, yer know," said the Briton, argumentatively, "England has done more for you Irish than Hamerica 'as, hevery time, and you know it."

"No, sor, she has not and niver will. There's no place an the whole face av the

globe, and I've thraveled all over it, me frind, that presnts more advantages than the city av New York."

"Except London, you know, of course."

"No, sir, not except London, or Liverpool, or aven Dublin, be heavens. Luck at the wharves. Luck at the pairks. Luck at the boolyards, luck at—"

"Yes, and you haven't a single American line of steamers, don't yer know. They're all Henglish, hevery-one."

"Shteamers!" gasped Muldoon, and then he looked at the clock.

Ten o'clock!

"Begorrah! I forgot ivery worrud about it!" he muttered. "I've not a minyute to spare. Fortunately they niver lave on time, and I'm safe."

With that he bolted out of the place, hailed a passing cab and yelled to the driver:

"Dhrive me to the shteamer City av Dublin at wanst, and I've give yez a sovereign."

In he jumped, the driver whipped up his horses, and away they went all a-flying.

Muldoon was right in one thing and wrong in another.

The steamer did not sail promptly on time.

The delay, however, was not as long as he thought it would be.

When he reached the wharf he was obliged to jump out and run down some steps to the wooden pier below, where a little tug or tender was about to make her last trip to the steamer.

Throwing the driver his promised fee, Muldoon dashed down the steps and hurried toward the end of the wharf.

Toot-toot-toot!

Ding-dong-ding!

The tender was about to start for the steamer which lay out in the stream ready to leave.

They were hauling in the gung-plank.

In another minute our traveler would be left behind.

Suddenly the vision of a gorgeously gotten up Irishman flashed before the eyes of the loungers on the dock.

It was Muldoon, hoofing it for all he was good for.

"Hould an! hould an! I'm going aboord!" he yelled.

He thought he was, but there were obstacles in the way.

"Run, you galvanized Mick! run faster!" yelled somebody.

"That's just like a Paddy; he thinks that everything is going to wait for him."

"Look at the Irish rainbow skipping down the wharf. Catch it, somebody."

"Run, you terrier, run, if you want to catch it."

Muldoon did not need the advice, for he was fairly flying.

However, the tender was now under full headway as well as himself.

Roger stood at the stern waving his hand-kerchief and yelling like mad:

"Come on, pop! Give a good jump and you'll make it!"

"Begob, av I hadn't shtopped to talk to that mutton-headed Britisher, I'd have been all right."

Letting himself out, Muldoon raced down to the end of the dock.

The gangway was still open, and one good jump would fetch it.

"Hooray for our side! I'm saved!" cried Muldoon.

Then he took one great, big, huge, enormous, flying leap for the steamer.

Did he make it?

Did he?

PART XXIII.

MULDOON made one flying leap for the departing tugboat on its way to the steamer.

The latter had its anchor up and was only waiting for the arrival of the tender with the last of the passengers, before leaving the harbor.

Poor Muldoon had stopped to discuss politics with an Englishman in a cafe and hence his haste.

As we have said, he took the leap, expecting to reach the tug.

He reached nothing.

All he did was to make a hole in the water, while the tug went on its way.

Then there was a great commotion.

The first thing the crowd did was to laugh immoderately.

Muldoon arose just in time to hear their hilarity, and it made him anything but cheerful.

"Be heavens, yez can laugh as much as ye like," he growled, "but I'll get it yet."

Oh, yes, he got it.

Right in the neck!

He got a mouthful of the Mersey water and it was a mercy he wasn't choked.

The swell from the tender swept clean over him and nearly took away his breath.

Away went the tug, but he tried to swim after it.

With his clothes on this was not such an easy job.

Another swell swept over him and for a moment he disappeared.

There is no telling what he might have done if the fellows on the dock had not got the idea that he was drowning.

When an Englishman does get an idea into his head, it sticks there, worse than a burr in a coon's wool.

Everybody was excited all at once.

All hands wanted to do something to make themselves famous.

"Lower a boat, somebody!"

"Get a life preserver, cahn't you!"

"Where are them boat-hooks?"

"Get out a line!"

"Throw him a bench!"

"He's drowning, for sure!"

It was Bedlam let loose.

Muldoon himself lost his head.

When he came up out of the swell, he got confused and began to swim for the dock.

This was taken as his last dying efforts to save him.

Some one grabbed a big fender hanging on a spile, and chuckd it at him.

It took him in the head and made him see stars.

Then somebody else got out a boat and took him a crack on the jaw with one of the oars.

Dodging this, Muldoon swam toward the wharf, puffing like a porpoise.

Then two of those bold life-savers jabbed a couple of big boat-hooks at him, narrowly missing his ears.

One fastened a hook in his collar, and another got a grip on his coat sleeve, and together they hauled him up to the dock.

Then all hands took hold of the hooks and yanked him out of the water quicker than scat.

They weren't any too gentle about it, either, and it was a wonder that poor Muldoon was not torn in pieces.

Meanwhile the tender had reached the steamer, and transferred her passengers.

Muldoon shook off his preservers as soon as he got his feet well-planted, and looked about him.

He was soaked from head to foot, and the water was running off him in rivers.

"Begob, I med it afther all," he muttered. "I said I would, and the Muldoons always kape their worrud."

Then the crowd began to laugh again.

"Made what, you blundering Mick?" asked one, more pointedly than polite.

"The shteamer, av coorse."

"You blooming fool, you're on the wharf!"

Then Muldoon shook the water out of his eyes and took another look at his surroundings.

The steamer was going down the river under full headway, a long line of black smoke marking her wake.

"Be heavens I'm left!" gasped Muldoon.

That set the crowd to roaring.

"Why don't you swim after her, Mike?"

"Don't let a little thing like that stop you."

"Go ahead; you can do it."

Muldoon glanced scornfully at the jokers and said:

"Go buy yerselves all a new set av brains. Ye need them the worst way."

"Say, Mister," said a fellow with a boat-hook, "what are you going to give me for saving your life?"

Muldoon looked at the speaker and said:

"Ye never saved it, and if it hadn't been for ye I might have reached the shteamer. Ye're a mutton head, that's phwat ye are, and ye ain't man enough to deny it."

He was not, for a fact, and the crowd began to guy him instead of Muldoon.

The latter, shaking as much water from himself as he could conveniently, now left the landing stage and made his way to the pier above.

"I tell you what you can do, sir," said one of the crowd who had not jeered at him.

"Phwat's that, sor? Go dhry out me clothes?"

"No, but take the lightning express to Holyhead and then the mail steamer to Queens-

town. You'll catch 'em that way, and you can join your party to-morrow."

"Begorrah, I'll do it!" cried Muldoon. "When does the thrain leave?"

"In a couple of hours. The boat goes to-night."

"Begorrah, ye're the forst frind I've seen to-day. Phwat'll ye have?"

The steamer, meanwhile, was making her way down St. George's Channel, and Muldoon was given up, for that trip at least.

Roger was with the party, however, and was fully capable of taking care of them.

"Pop will take the next steamer, and reach New York only a day or two behind us," he explained.

swwered Roger, laughing. "It was one of pcp's own blunders. I called him in ample time for him to have caught it."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't cause the mishap, which is more than a joke."

"So am I, but pop will be all serene. He's like a cat, and always lights upon his feet. We will see him almost as soon as we reach New York."

The voyage was pleasant but uneventful, for without Muldoon, half the fun was missing.

Roger made lots of friends, as usual, and was the life of the younger portion of the ship's company.

The steamer reached New York at the end of eight or nine days, and the Muldoons once

of the party, " und now dot was been wasted already."

"Phwat reason did he give for not coming?" asked Mulcahey.

"He missed the steamer."

"The idgit!" cried the alderman. "Sure, that's loike Muldoon."

"It's the last reception we'll give him," muttered Gallagher.

"Faix, it's a kick in the neck he ought to get!" groaned Mulcahey.

"You can give me the reception, if you like," suggested Roger.

"You're too young and giddy."

"Well, then, give it to mother. She would be tickled to death."

"She has no influence in the ward or we



"Begob, I med it afther all," he muttered. "I said I would, and the Muldoons always kape their worrud." Then the crowd began to laugh again. "Made what, you blundering Mick?" asked one, more pointedly than polite. "The shsteamer, av coarse." "You blooming fool, you're on the wharf!"

Mrs. Muldoon was satisfied until she happened to remember something.

"Roger?"

"Yes."

"Has yer father anny money with him?"

"Really, I don't know, mother," answered the young fellow. "He must have some, of course."

"Yis, but has he enough to pay for his ticket?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but if he hasn't, he can easily raise it among his friends."

"Sure, he knows no wan in Liverpool. If it wor London, now, I'd have no fear av him."

"Oh, he'll get along. He can go to the consul general, if it comes to the worst, or cable over to his bankers in America for funds to take him home."

"Well, I hope it's all right, but Terry is such a natheral in somethings that he'll be sure to make a mistake if there's wan chance in a hundhred av his doing so."

Roger thought as much himself, but did not say so, for fear of worrying his mother."

"Roger Muldoon, you bad boy, did you make your father miss the steamer?" asked Kitty, when Mrs. Muldoon was out of hearing.

"Honest Injun I didn't, Miss Kitty," an-

more gazed upon the city from which they had been so long absent.

When the vessel had nearly reached the dock a lot of Muldoon's political friends and acquaintances came alongside in a tug, prepared to do him the honors.

Mulcahey and the alderman were in the gang, and espied Roger standing on the deck.

"T'il yer father to come over to us," shouted Mulcahey.

"Can't do it."

"Phwy not?"

"Because he is not here."

"Not there?"

"No."

"Sure, he's not dead?"

"Oh, no, he's alive enough, but he is not on the steamer."

"Faix, he could not have landed widout our seeing him?"

"No, he did not leave Liverpool with us. He stayed behind."

"The sucker!" ejaculated the alderman. "He tould us he was coming be this boat; and here we've been and hoired a tug and a brass band to receive him properly."

"Ya, und I was put dree kaigs off beer mid der cabin," exclaimed Budweiser, who was

moight," said the alderman, philosophically; and then the tug fell back in the wake of the steamer.

All hands on board were mad enough to chuck Muldoon into the river, and his ears must have been on fire at that moment, considering the many uncomplimentary things said about him.

"He's a chump, so he is."

"Troth, if he wor running for keeper av the dog-pound, I weuldn't vote for him nor let anny wan ilse do it."

"It's like the stuff, to ax us to get him up a welkin and thin go and miss the shsteamer, the gomach!"

"Begorrah, I don't care now if he niver comes back at all."

"If he does, he can receive himself, for I'm blamed if I'll shtir a fut to see him land."

"I sharge him for dot beer once, all der same," said Budweiser. "He don't make humbug mit me for nodings, I told you."

Poor Muldoon!

How he would have felt if he could have heard all the pleasant things that were said about him.

Roger piloted his party through the gang of Custom House sharks, seeking whom they

might devour, and having collected all their baggage, took the whole business in a cab to a hotel up-town.

It must not be forgotten, by the way, to mention that the beloved Charlie put in an appearance on the pier and welcomed his Kitty with all the ardor of youthful affection, likewise a hack, in which the two drove away.

They went to the young man's mother's house, where Kitty was to remain till her wedding came off.

Roger and Mrs. Muldoon went to their old hotel, and busied themselves in getting settled, while waiting for Muldoon to show up.

Of course, he did not catch the steamer at Queenstown, or he would have been on hand to receive the welcome his friends had prepared for him.

In the first place he missed the fast express, and in the next he discovered suddenly that his resources were at a very low ebb.

When he came to figure up his available finances, he found that he had less than twenty dollars, besides his watch and rings.

"Me clothes won't fetch anything, and I might never see me watch again av I pawned it," he mused. "Phwat'll I do anyhow?"

By inquiry he found that there was a steamer leaving on the following day, but there wasn't a saloon or second cabin berth to be had for love or money.

"I can't afford to wait for wan, and maybe the captain wouldn't trust me av I did," he remarked, "and so I see only wan way out av it. I'll go home be the steerage."

Muldoon, the great American traveler, going home by way of the steerage!

Just think of it!

After all his style this was a come down, and no error.

However, so long as he got home at all, Muldoon did not care for this, as the discomfort would be only temporary.

"It'll be all right whin I get to New York, faix," he argued. "All I'll have to do is to go ashore wid the saloon passengers, and be received be me frinds in great stoyle. The star av the Muldoons is not on the wane yet, be-god!"

Having made all his arrangements, Muldoon purchased a steerage ticket, bought such

things as were necessary, hired a room for a night in a cheap lodging-house, and went on board the steamer the next morning.

"I'll get a glimpse av Ireland annyhow," he remarked to himself, as the steamer left the shores of England. "Sure, this reminds me av the forst toime I left it. I wor in the steerage, and had only a few shillings in me pocket, and that's me condition now, though I have money enough, av I could only get hould av it."

His dream of gazing once more upon his native shores was not to be realized, however.

By the time they reached the Irish channel, the wind was blowing a gale, and before night the ship was rolling and tossing in the worst sort of way.

Poor Muldoon could never get used to that sort of business, for all that he had traveled, and he soon succumbed to a fit of seasickness, which lasted two or three days.

When he finally recovered and was able to be about, he went on deck, thinking to catch one last look at Ireland.

It was no go, for the ship was a hundred miles or more from the beloved coast, and only the sea and sky were visible.

"Luck is dead agen me, begob," murmured Muldoon. "Here I've been around the worruld and missed the very place av all that I wanted most to see. Maybe there's a fresh Irishman in the steerage, and he can tell me how the ould place looks. That'll be something, faith."

As it happened, the steerage passengers were all Germans, French and Russians, with but one or two Irishmen, and they were from a different county from Muldoon's, and would have nothing to say to him.

The steamer was ten or eleven days in going over, and our poor traveler was sick nearly all the way across.

Then, to add to his trials, he was not permitted to land with the saloon passengers, but was hustled off to Castle Garden in a little tug and herded with a thousand or more foreign immigrants, none of whom spoke his language, and all of whom were too dirty to think of.

"It's a foine ending to me thriumphal march over the globe," he exclaimed in bitter-

ness. "No reception, no frinds to meet me, nothing but a lot av greasy foreigners around me, and not a change of clothes to put on, begob."

However, he got away at last, and strolled sadly up Broadway meditating upon the future.

He went to the steamship wharf but there was no one there that he knew, and he felt at enmity with all the world.

However, his was not a nature to keep him long despondent, and after reaching Broadway and seeing the life and bustle of the great city all about him, his spirits arose and he was soon as chipper as ever.

"Troth I don't know where to find Bedelia and Roger," he observed, "but they must be somewhere, and I think the most loikely place to look for them is the hotel where we stopped before we wint away."

His conjectures proved to be correct and he found his wife and son with but little trouble.

They and Miss Kitty were glad to see him, but not one of his old political friends showed up, and it was a long time before any of them would speak to him when they met him.

Kitty Clyde was married to her Charlie a week or two later, Roger being the best man, and Muldoon giving the bride away and securing the first kiss after she had been made Mrs. Charlie.

"Faith, our trip has med wan creature happy, at all events, Terry," declared Mrs. Muldoon, "and if it had no other result, we might be thankful for that."

"Yis, me lady burrud, and so we are, and I'm glad to be back again, for though I've seen all that there is to be seen, barring Ireland, there's no place, after all, like the dear ould city av New York."

"Them's my sentiments, pop," said Roger, "and I'm glad to be at home once more. I've had lots of fun and now for business."

It did not take long for the Muldoons to settle down once more in a house of their own, and there we leave them, trusting to meet them again in the future, when we will relate what happened subsequent to MULDOON'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

THE LIFE OF TOM TEASER.—A new and elegant book has just been published on the life of the above well-known comic author. Those who have read his laughable stories in the YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA will be pleased to have a look into his private life. The book is large (containing sixty-four pages), and prettily bound, having a portrait of the author on the cover. Everybody wants one. Don't fail to ask your newsdealer for a copy. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY is the title of a very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Sold by all newsdealers, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and receive it by return mail, post paid.

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE, a complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. For sale by every news-dealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

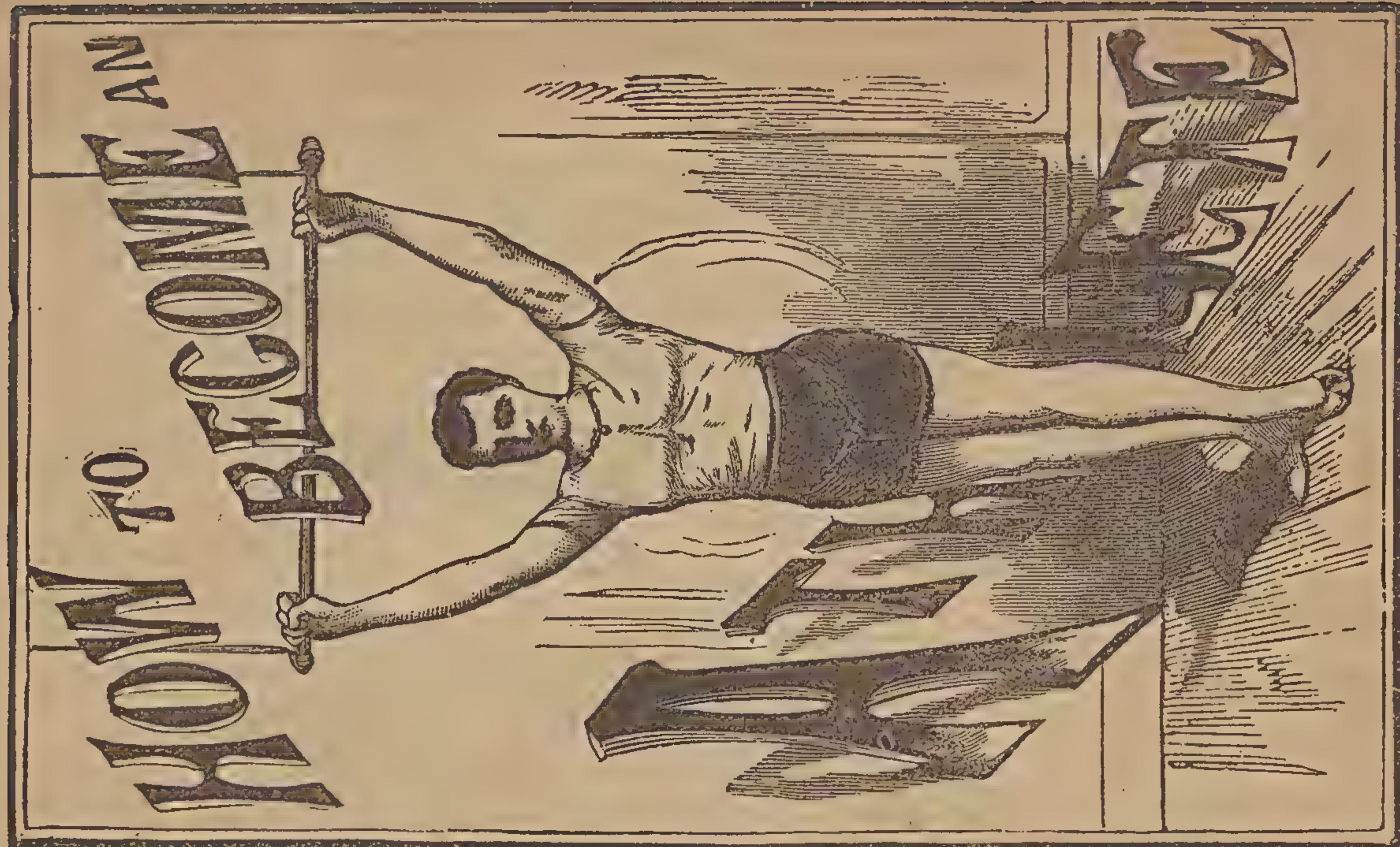
HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets. Also giving full instructions for making cages, nests, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME RICH.—This wonderful book, "How to Become Rich," presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents. For sale by newsmen and booksellers, or send price to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to you, post paid.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. It is for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents, or sent from this office on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.



HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

GIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE USE OF

DUMB-BELLS, INDIAN CLUBS, PARALLEL BARS, HORIZONTAL BARS, AND
VARIOUS OTHER METHODS OF DEVELOPING A GOOD, HEALTHY
MUSCLE; CONTAINING OVER SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address, free of postage, on receipt of the price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,
34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

THE BOYS OF NEW YORK

Takes the Lead of all Boys' Papers in the World,

BECAUSE IT CONTAINS THE BEST AND MOST ORIGINAL

STORIES of TRAVELS and ADVENTURES in ALL PARTS of the WORLD

GIVING EXPERIENCE IN LOW LIFE AS WELL AS IN THE PALACE.

Thrilling, Startling, and Wonderful are the Many Adventures Pictured out in our Paper every week. Our Illustrations are the Very Finest that Money Can Procure, and will bear Comparison with any Weekly Paper Published.

We employ only the Best Talent, as the following list of Prominent Authors will attest, who write exclusively for THE BOYS OF NEW YORK.
Any statement to the contrary is utterly false.

"PETER PAD."
GUS WILLIAMS,
P. T. RAYMOND,
U. S. DETECTIVE,
ROBERT MAYNARD,

GASTON GARNE.
CORP. MORGAN RATTLER,
"ED."
J. G. BRADLEY,
PAUL BRADDON,

ALBERT J. BOOTH,
KIT CLYDE,
C. LITTLE,
"NONAME,"
POLICE CAPTAIN HOWARD,
AND MANY OTHERS.

G. G. SMALL,
ALLYN DRAPER,
R. T. EMMET,
N. Y. DETECTIVE,
ROBERT LENNOX,

Subscription price, postage free, for one year, \$2.50; for six months, \$1.25; for three months, 65 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada. SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,
34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

No. 1.

Napoleon's Oracleum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 2.

HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

No. 3.

HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You can not be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

No. 4.

HOW TO DANCE.

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

No. 5.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

No. 6.

HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 7.

HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 8.

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fire-works, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents.

No. 9.

HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILLOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

No. 10.

HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

No. 11.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

No. 12.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

No. 13.

How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

No. 14.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 15.

HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

No. 16.

HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden, either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 17.

HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

No. 18.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

No. 19.

FRANK TOUSEY'S

United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

No. 20.

How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 21.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

No. 22.

HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

No. 23.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oracleum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

No. 24.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

No. 25.

HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

No. 26.

HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

No. 27.

HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

No. 28.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth; whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

No. 29.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 30.

HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

No. 31.

HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader, and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

No. 32.

HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

No. 33.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

No. 34.

HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 35.

HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, crquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 36.

HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

No. 37.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

No. 38.

HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. A bound in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

The Great 5 Cent Wide Awake Library.

The Largest, Cheapest and Most Popular Library in the World.

Containing Stories of Adventures in all Parts of the World, and Comic Stories by the Most Humorous Authors of the Day.

A New Story is Issued Each Week. Price Only 5 Cents per Copy. For Sale by all Newsdealers.

1 Tom Brown's School Days...By Thomas Hughes
2 The Pirate.....By Captain Marryatt
3 Adventures of Robinson Crusoe..By Daniel Defoe
4 Joe Dodger, the Boy Ventriloquist.....
 By Gus Williams
5 Sindbad the Sailor
6 Peter Simple.....By Captain Marryatt
7 Pantomime Joe; or, An Orphan Boy's Career
8 Snarleyyow; or, The Dog-Fiend.....
 By Captain Marryatt
9 Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp
10 Poor Jack
11 Tommy Bounce—comic.....By Peter Pad
12 Shorty; or, Kicked Into Good Luck—comic..
 By Peter Pad
13 The Devil's Diamond; or, The Fortunes of Rich-
ard of the Raven's Crest
14 Shorty in Luck—comic.....By Peter Pad
15 Dick Dauntless, the Boy Privateer..By J. G. Bradley
16 Skinny, the Tin Peddler—comic...By Tom Teaser
17 The Marked Moccasin; or, Pandy Ellis' Fard..
 By Marline Manly
18 Gulliver's Travels
19 Ali Baba; or, The Forty Thieves
20 The Mulcahey Twins—comic.....By Tom Teaser
21 Jacob Faithful; or, The Adventures of a Water-
man.....By Captain Marryatt
22 The Young Engineer
23 Oliver Twist.....By Charles Dickens
24 The Image of his Father....By Horace Mayhew
25 The Young Sergeant. A Story of the American
 Revolution.....By Col. Ralph Fenton
26 The Haunted Cave; or, The Search for the
 Pirates' Gold.....By Jas. D. Montague
27 The Dead Boxer.....By William Carleton
28 Harry Hale
29 One of the Boys of New York; or, The Adven-
 tures of Tommy Bounce—comic..By Peter Pad
30 Infantry Dave, the Young Scout of the Wilder-
 ness.....By Ralph Morton
31 The Eagle Bearer; or, The Hero of the Regi-
 ment.....By Philip Murdock
32 The Pirate Doctor; or, The Extraordinary
 Career of a New York Physician
33 Cavalry Jack at Champion Hill.....
 By Col. Ralph Fenton
34 The Pirate Chief; or, The Cutter of the Ocean
 By an Old Salt
35 The Smugglers of St. Malo..By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
36 Little Mac, the Boy Engineer... By Ralph Royal
37 Josephine; or, The Lady of the Gulf.....
 By J. H. Ingraham
38 Sea-Dog Charley; or, the Adventures of a Boy
 Hero.....By W. I. James, Jr.
39 Paul Jones.....By Alexander Dumas
40 Eely Jim; or, A Yankee Boy in the Rebellion
 By Morris Redwing
41 The Black Mask; or, The Mysterious Marriage
 By Bernard Wayde
42 Dot Boy Fritz—comic.....By Gus Williams
43 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Be-
 neath the Sea.....
 By the Author of "Starboard Jack."
44 Mark Grayham; or, The Boy Wanderers of the
 Desert.....By H. O. Ermet
45 Starboard Jack; or, The Nimble Reefer of the
 School-Ship "Mercury"By Orrin Goble
46 San Francisco Bob.....By H. K. Shackleford
47 Tom, Dick and the —; or, School Days in
 New York—comicBy Peter Pad
48 The Yankee Privateer; or, The Traitor Mer-
 chant.....By J. H. Ingraham, Esq.
49 The Rover's Oath.....By Charles Powel. Bickley
50 Corkey; or, The Tricks and Travels of a Supe-
 comic.....By Tom Teaser
51 Dick Lighthead.....By a Celebrated Author
52 Dick Lighthead's Trials
53 Dick Lighthead's Triumph
54 Forward; or, The Terrible March to Richmond
 By Cap Phil Jordon
55 The Boss Boy..By the Author of "Teddy O'Lynn"
56 Shorty, Junior; or, The Son of his Dad—comic
 By Peter Pad
57 The Pirate Schooner.....By J. H. Ingraham
58 The Gold Hunters; or, The Search for the
 Mountain Mine.....By George Fenn
59 The Pirates of America.....By J. H. Ingraham
60 The Pirate Cutter.....By Midshipman Easy
61 The Black Pirate
62 Union Dick, the Yankee Spy..By Philip Murdock
63 Will Waffles; or, The Freaks and Fortunes of a
 Newsboy
64 The Potomac Detective.....By Ralph Morton
65 The Sea-King
66 Life in the Red Brigade
67 Billy Bo'swain
68 Mulligan's Boy—comic.....By Tom Teaser
69 The Wild Robber
70 Goldburn, the Girl Guerrilla .. By Morris Redwing
71 The Light-house Murder; or, The Invisible
 Beauty
72 Daring Davy, the Boy Rifleman..by Ralph Morton
73 The Pirates of the Shoals.....by J. H. Ingraham
74 The Robbers of the Rhine.....by Colonel Blood
75 Jack Harkaway's School-days
76 Harkaway Afloat
77 Harkaway Among the Savages
78 Harkaway's Escape
79 Harkaway at Oxford
80 Harkaway and the Black Band
81 Harkaway and the Brigands
82 Harkaway and the Spy
83 Harkaway Trapped
84 Harkaway and the Italians; or, The Brigand's
 Doom
85 Dick Lighthead at Sea
86 Dick Lighthead Around the World
87 Dick Lighthead in London
88 Dick Lighthead's Victory
89 The Island of Mystery; or, Adventures Under
 the Sea
90 Detective Danor, The Irish Ferret..by D. O'Sullivan
91 Joe Ready; or, By the Side of General Scott..
 By Richard R. Montgomery
92 Cavalry Jack at Murfreesboro..By Col. Ralph Fenton
93 A Sword For a Fortune.....By Horace Appleton
94 Union Dick in the Rebel Camp..By Philip Murdock
95 Yankee Rob, The Young Scout of the Rap-
 pahannock.....By Ralph Morton
96 Dick Mizzen; or, The Cruise of The "Corsair"
 By Richard R. Montgomery
97 Union Dick in the Seven Days' Fight.....
 By Philip Murdock
98 Cavalry Jack in the Swamps..By Col. Ralph Fenton
99 Daddy Durge, the Old Man of the Dead-House:
 or, The Ghouls of Paris.....By Walter Fenton
100 Union Dick and the Guerrillas..By Philip Murdock
101 Bull Run Bob; or, The Rebel's Bride, A Thrill-
 ing Story of the Old Dominion..By Ralph Morton
102 Battling for Glory; or, The Unionists of Tenes-
 see.....By Richard R. Montgomery
103 The Young Recruit.....By Ralph Fenton
104 The Rival Spies; or, The Fall of Vicksburg...
 By Percy B. St. John
105 The Boy Swordsman; or, The Mysteries of the
 Catacombs.....By Percy B. St. John
106 Ben Breeze; or, A Boy and His Banjo and Their
 Journey Around the World.....By J. R. Scott
107 Cavalry Jack; or, The Scout at Shiloh.....
 By Col. Ralph Fenton
108 The Young Artilleryman; or, Between Life
 and Death.....By Hal Standish
109 Branded and Mad; or, A Boy in Business....
 By Author of "Through Fire and Water," etc.
110 Topmast Tom; or, The Buccaneer's Secret...
 By Alexander Armstrong
111 Bayonet Bill; or, The Nemesis of the Battle-
 field. A Thrilling Romance of Stone River
 By Ralph Morton
112 Dick the Lion-Hunter; or, Adventures on the
 African Coast.....By Richard R. Montgomery
113 Sherman's Drummer Boy..By Col. Ralph Feeton
114 Stars and Bars; or; The Rebel Conscript. A
 Thrilling Story of the War in Georgia.....
 By Capt. Phil Jordon
115 Charge for the Flag; or, The Color-Bearer of
 Shiloh.....By Percy B. St. John
116 Red, White and Blue; or, Two New York Boys
 in the Northern Army.....By Ralph Morton
117 On Board the Merrimac; or, The Adventures of
 a Boy Tar in the War of the Revolution.....
 By Percy B. St. John
118 Black Horse Tom; or, The Young Cavalryman
 of the South.....By Ralph Morton
119 Jack Harkaway and His Son's Adventures
 Around the World
120 Harkaway and His Son Homeward Bound
121 Jack Rushton; or, Alone in the Pirate's Lair
 By the Author of "Gentleman George"
122 On and Off the Stage; or, Which Was Right?
123 The Bush Boys.....By Captain Mayne Reid
124 The Rival Schools: Their Fun, Feuds and
 Frolics
125 Frank the Fisherboy; or, Perils on Land and
 Sea.....By Charles E. Pearce
126 Young Tom Rodman.....By J. A. Maitland
127 Shorty, Jr., on His Ear; or, Always on a Rack-
 et—comic.....By the Author of "Shorty"
128 Fred Spangle; or, The Life of a Strolling Play-
 er
129 The Young Tragedian
130 Clarence Rhett; or, The Cruise of a Privateer
 By Ned Buntline
131 Paddy McGroarty; or, The Drummer Boy of
 the Irish Brigade.....By Philip Allison
132 Brian the Brave; or, The Hero Minstrel Boy...
 By Dennis O'Sullivan
133 Yank, Shank & Co., Yorkers...By Harry Enton
134 Master of Himself; or, A Boy's Fight in the
 World.....By Commodore Ah-Look
135 Jim Jams; or, Jack of All Trades—comic....
 By the Author of "Skinny, the Tin Peddler"
136 The Boy Bohemian; or, The Adventures of
 a Young Reporter.....By Philip Allison
137 The Mysterious Messenger; or, The Secret of
 the Three Black Stars.....By Hart Barnard
138 Burt, the Detective; or, A Sleuth-Hound on
 the Track.....By Police Captain Howard
139 "12;" or, Tracked to Death

140 The Young Ventriloquist
 141 Denver Dick; or, The Mystery of the Treasure Mountain.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
 142 Dick Daring, the Bareback Rider
 143 Gypsy Blanche
 144 The Boy Clown; or, The Star of the Pantomime By Harrigan & Hart
 145 Three Yankee Chums; or, Dr. Dodd's Exploring Expedition.....By Commodore Ah-Look
 146 Unlucky Tom—comic
 147 Lathy; or, The Funny Adventures of a Thin Boy—comic
 148 The Sea Fiends
 149 Under the Ocean
 150 Andy Handy; or, The Boy Jim Fisk Started in Life.....By Col. Blair
 151 Red Leary, the Bill-Poster; or, The Murder on the Pier.....By Col. Robert Lennox
 152 Daniel Boone, the Hero of Kentucky
 153 Hale and Hearty; or The Boys of Columbia College.....By Tittlebat Titmouse
 154 Tim of the Mail-Train; or, Steel to the Last.... By Hart Barnard
 155 Out With Stanley; or, Young America in Africa.....By Col. James Blair
 156 Mad Maurice; or, The Crazy Detective By Dennis O'Sullivan
 157 Shorty and the Count; or, The Two Great Unmashed—comic....By the Author of "Shorty"
 158 The Wharf Boys of New York
 159 Big Silas
 160 Nip and Flip; or, Two of a Kind—comic..... By the Author of "Skinny, the Tin Peddler"
 161 The Four Jacks; or, The Dog Detective..... By Paul Turk
 162 The Miser of Harlem; or, The Old House by the Bridge.....By Col. Robert Lennox
 163 Young Harkaway and the Pirates
 164 Harkaway's Triumph
 165 Harkaway on Magic Island
 166 Ferret, the Little Detective
 167 The Man of Many Faces
 168 Harkaway's Peril
 169 Harkaway to the Rescue
 170 Harkaway, the Magician
 171 Reckless Rob; or, The Mystery of Palm Island By Ralph Ramble
 172 Luke Lander, the Lion Hunter; or, The Boy Adventurers in AfricaBy Col. J. M. Travers
 173 Rob Rattler, the Scapegrace. By Col. J. M. Travers
 174 The Dwarf King; or, The Adventures of Harry Bluff.....By Col. J. M. Travers
 175 The Gallant Middy; or, Captured by Pirates.. By Richard R. Montgomery
 176 Harkaway the Avenger
 177 The Rival Crusoes.....By Harry Ainsworth
 178 Harkaway in Australia
 179 Harkaway and the Convicts
 180 Harkaway and the Bushrangers
 181 Chased Around the World
 182 The Detective's Mistake
 183 Chips and Chin Chin—comic.....By Peter Pad
 184 Chips and Chin Chin Among the Mormons—... comic.....By Peter Pad
 185 Chips and Chin Chin's Adventures with the Indians—comic.....By Peter Pad
 186 Chips and Chin Chin in Omaha—comic..... By Peter Pad
 187 Chips and Chin Chin in St. Louis—comic..... By Peter Pad
 188 Chips and Chin Chin in New York—comic.... By Peter Pad
 189 Jack Hawley
 190 The Two Boston Boys
 191 Frank Martin, the Young Rajah
 192 The Locksmith's Apprentice
 193 The Charmers and the Charmed
 194 The Red Circle
 195 The Nemesis; or, Tracked to their Doom
 196 Tom Trump
 197 The Boy Pilot
 198 Satan's Tree
 199 The School on Wheels
 200 A Lightning Flash
 201 The Mystery of a Minute
 202 Bound to Be An Actor
 203 Mountain Tom, the Rebel Raider..... By Morris Redwing
 204 The Mystery of the Red River
 205 The Masked Messenger
 206 The Prairie Phantom.....By H. C. Emmet
 207 The Young Engineer
 208 Fighting Against Odds
 209 Harry Halsey
 210 Donnell O'Gig
 211 Mustered Out at Fredericksburg. A Tragic Romance of War....by Richard R. Montgomery
 212 Kilpatrick's Charge; or, The Terrors of the War By Richard R. Montgomery
 213 The Dare-Devil Detective
 214 Game to the Death
 215 Kickapoo Joe
 216 The Struggle for a Mine
 217 Stump; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!"—comic
 218 Stump at School—comic
 219 Stump at Sea—comic
 220 Stump and Jack Hawser—comic
 221 Stump's Rackets Below Decks—comic
 222 Stump and His Chums Homeward Bound—comic
 223 Three of a Kind—comic
 224 Adventures of Charlie, Mike and Don—comic
 225 Thirteen
 226 The Brotherhood of Death
 227 Tricks; or, Traveling with a Variety Show
 228 Under the Gallows
 229 Adrift on a Floating Island
 230 Fred Hazle
 231 Shot in the Dark
 232 Doonee Crandall

233 Meta, the Girl Crusoe
 234 Teddy Doyle
 235 A Trip to the Center of the Earth
 236 Drifting Harry
 237 Roxy, the Smasher
 238 An Irish Boy's Luck
 239 Twenty Miles Away; or, Sheridan's Ride to Fame.....by Col. Ralph Fenton
 240 Sword and Musket; or, The Young Trooper's Prize.....by Percy B. St. John
 241 Tornado Tim
 242 The Boy Avenger
 243 Jack, the Joker
 244 The Irish Robber's Apprentice
 245 Fighting His Way
 246 A Knight of the Brush
 247 Fritz the Tumbler
 248 Iron-Knuckled Ted
 249 Dare-Devil Dick
 250 The Dock-Boy of New York
 251 Captain Cartouche
 252 The Gipsy Boy's Vengeance
 253 The Boy Miners
 254 Water-Duck Jim
 255 The King of the Swimming Gang
 256 The Flying Ship of the Pacific
 257 The Adventures of Harry Franco
 258 Cripple Charley
 259 The Adventures of Two Tramps
 260 Plucky Jimmy
 261 The Blacksmith's Apprentice
 262 Jumping Joe
 263 Jack Gordon
 264 Mat McCarthy's Fortune
 265 London Bob—comic
 266 An English Boy in America—comic
 267 Scotty the Terrier
 268 Philadelphia Dave
 269 Billy the Boxer
 270 Cadger Con
 271 The False Detective
 272 Highfalutin' Jim
 273 Charley Lance
 274 A Search for a Missing Man
 275 Commodore Rip-Rap
 276 Teddy O'Lynn
 277 The Shadow Ship
 278 Lone Jack
 279 Blue Grass Bob
 280 The Wild Rider of Old Kentuck
 281 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke—comic
 282 Shoo-Fly at School—comic
 283 Shoo-Fly in Love—comic
 284 Shoo-Fly the Gymnast—comic
 285 Sharkey, the Young Robber of the West
 286 Dashing Bob
 287 Johnnie Burgoo
 288 Reliable Joe
 289 The Yankee Claude Duval
 290 Midshipman Ned
 291 The Cruise of the Old Ironsides
 292 Jack Feeney
 293 The Young Irish Brigand
 294 Lance, the Lion
 295 Tipton Blue
 296 Free-and-Easy Ned
 297 True Blue; or, Right at Last
 298 That Boy of Ours
 299 Tom on His Muscle
 300 Bob Short; or, One of Our Boys comic
 301 Percy of the Strong Arm
 302 Jack Manly; or, On the Trail
 303 The Freebooters of California
 304 Captain Merrick and His Rangers
 305 Nero, the Hunchback
 306 The Bell-Ringer of Trinity
 307 Harry Harley
 308 The Arctic Queen
 309 Harry Fitzroy
 310 The Heart of Oak
 311 The School on the Sea
 312 The Golden Island
 313 Among the Savages
 314 The Specter Schoolboy, and other stories
 315 The Headsmen of Old London Bridge
 316 Harold Forrester
 317 Mat o' the Mist
 318 Eveline Duke
 319 Mark Bradley
 320 Driven to the Sea
 321 Routing the Redskins
 322 Tom Fox
 323 Adventures of a Philadelphia Detective
 324 Richard Savage
 325 The Mystery of a Misspent Life
 326 Double-Six
 327 The Dominoes of Death
 328 Gipsy Bess
 329 The Queen of the Highway
 330 Rodolf, the Traitor
 331 The Boy Cavaliers
 332 Young Captain Kidd
 333 The Secret of Wizard Lake
 334 The Prairie Witch
 335 The Hunters of the Silver Trail
 336 Traveling With Barnum
 337 Three Dashing Hussars
 338 Pat O'Corker; or, Always to the Front
 339 The Diamond Eye
 340 Jack of the Naval Brigade
 341 The Zulu's Daughter
 342 The Haunted House at Deadman's Corner
 343 Sir Guy's Secret
 344 The Fortunes of an Acrobat
 345 For the Green Flag of Old Ireland
 346 Kathleen O'Shaughnessy
 347 Tom the Midshipman
 348 Out With Captain Cook
 349 Every Inch a Sailor

350 Ralph, the Light Dragoon
 351 The Brothers in Arms
 352 Jack of Cheapside
 353 The Green Banner of Islam
 354 The Colonel's Daughter
 355 Walter's Secret
 356 The Outlaws of Berkeley Forest
 357 Redspur the Outlaw
 358 The House of a Hundred Terrors
 359 Oswald, the Unknown
 360 Adventures of a Free Lance
 361 The Treacherous Knight
 362 Young Jack Harkaway and His Boy Tinker
 363 Tinker's Man Bogey
 364 Young Harkaway in Spain
 365 Young Harkaway in Turkey
 366 Mole Among the Mussulmans
 367 Young Harkaway and the Arabs
 368 Young Harkaway and the Counterfeitors
 369 The Secret of the Traitor Gate
 370 The Waif of the Tower
 371 Ralph Wildhawk
 372 The Brigand Chief
 373 Marco Bravo
 374 Zara, the Gipsy
 375 The Servian Spy
 376 Sword and Cimeter
 377 Adam Bell
 378 The Archers of Ingewood
 379 The Knight of the Red Cross
 380 Jack-o'-the-Cudgel
 381 Crequard, the Free Lance
 382 The Fair Maid of Kent
 383 Dick the Brewer
 384 The Oxford and Cambridge Eight
 385 The Wild Huntsman
 386 Tom Mansfield, the Smuggler
 387 The Sunken Treasure
 388 The Slave's Revenge
 389 Cris Carrol, the Scout
 390 Phil Rayleigh, a London Arab
 391 The Knight of the Iron Hand
 392 Tom Lester
 393 Bicycle Bob
 394 Mark Darrell
 395 Oscar Mervilale; or, the Forger's Victim
 396 Tom Oakland
 397 The Mad Alchemist; or, Mysteries Unfolded.. By Dr. H. M. Jordan
 398 Worm, the Pittsburg Detective. By An Old Detective
 399 Rob Racket, the Scourge of the Cowboys
 400 Gipsy Dick; or, Born a Detective..... By Seth Huntingdon
 401 The Red River Pilotby Paul Braddon
 402 Catana, the Robber's Daughter. By Seth Huntingdon
 403 Detective Sketches...by A New York Detective
 404 The Boy Scouts of the Sierras. by Seth Huntingdon
 405 The Heir of Longworth
 406 A Ghost in the Mirror, and other stories by Allyn Draper
 407 Strange Stories of Maniacs..... by Dr. R. Jackson and Orrin Goble
 408 The Skeleton's Legacy; or, The Mystery of the Island..... by Col. J. L. Trueman
 409 The Pirate's Son..... by J. T. Brougham
 410 The Young Revenue Detective; or, Among the Moonshiners..... by a Retired Detective
 411 Little Hall, the Boy Engineer. By Capt. Will Dayton
 412 Captain Hurricane; or, The Waif of the Wreck By Allan Arnold
 413 Towpath Ted. A True Story of Life on a Canal..... by J. M. Bradon
 414 The Ghost of Paul Priestly; or, The Mystery of Haggard Hollow..... By James Greenwood
 415 The Cruise of the Beauty..By Captain Will Dayton
 416 Joe Jordan, the Young Inventor
 417 Ebenezer Crow—comic
 418 Charley Charlton, the Young Magician..... By Col. J. M. Travers
 419 Gorilla George; or, A New York Boy in Africa By J. L. Freeman
 420 Stuttering Mose; or, The Old Scout of the Revolution.....By General J. L. Johnston
 421 The Kingdom in the Sea.....By J. G. Bradley
 422 Lighthouse Lem; or, The Mystery of Deadman's Reef.....By an Old Sea Captain
 423 The Search for the "Midas"; or, Treasures From the Deep.....By Gerald Fleming
 424 The Young Explorers.....By Capt. Will Dayton
 425 Little Nugget, the Pride of Leadville..... By Major J. Anderson
 426 The Young Aeronaut.....By Professor Wise
 427 The Boy Trapezist..... By a Former Professional
 428 Prairie Phil; or, The Panther of the Platte.... By Harry Rockwood
 429 The Green Caps..... By a U. S. Detective
 430 Hollow Roost; or, The Traitor Guide..... By Morris Redwing
 431 The Grimsdale Ghost, and other stories..... By a Physician
 432 Lost in Africa; or The Adventures of Two Young Castaways..... By Samuel T. Johnston
 433 Denver Dan and His Mystic Band..By "Noname"
 434 Shorty in Search of His Dad—comic. By Peter Pad
 435 The Blasted Pine; or, Three Boy Scouts..... By Capt. Will Dayton
 436 Denver Dan and the Road Agents. By "Noname"
 437 The Freebooter's Secret.....By J. T. Brougham
 438 Sawdust Charlie, the Pet of the Ring..... By an Old Ringmaster
 439 Denver Dan and the Counterfeitors. By "Noname"
 440 Cavalry Jack at Corinth....By Col. Ralph Fenton
 441 Ned Owen; or, The Mystery of a Missing Ship. By Capt. Will Dayton
 442 Denver Dan Outwitted; or, The Outlaw's Triumph..... By "Noname"
 443 The Girdle of Gold; or, The Counterfeiter's Daughter..... By Morris Redwing
 444 The Treasure Cave; or, Run to Earth. By a Traveler

445 Denver Dan, the Sheriff.....By "Noname"
 446 Long Paw, the Mysterious Hunter..By Kit Clyde
 447 A Yankee Boy in Africa.....By Percy B. St. John
 448 Black and Blue; or, Nick Wharton on the War-path.....By Harry Rockwood
 449 Ivan and Ismail; or, Scouts of Plevna.....By Don Jenardo
 450 Denver Dan's Peril; or, The Outlaw's Ruse.....By "Noname"
 451 Sir Rufus the Rover; or, the Pirates' Island .. by Richard R. Montgomery
 452 The Russian Spy.....by a U. S. Detective
 453 The Creole Brothers...by Colonel J. M. Travers
 454 The Castaways; or, The White King of the Atlantic.....By Don Jenardo
 455 Denver Dan to the Rescue; or, The Mountain-ear's Stratagem.....By "Noname",
 456 Condemned; or, Number 709.....By Richard R. Montgomery
 457 The Wolf of the Waves. A Tale of the Pirates of Old.....By Alexander Armstrong
 458 Billy Bangs' Schooldays...By Captain Will Dayton
 459 The Mad Doctor.....By Paul Braddon
 460 Zola, the Old Trapper's Daughter..By R. T. Emmet
 461 The Shortys' Trip Around the World—comic.....By Peter Pad
 462 Locomotive Bill, the Giant Engineer.....By Samuel Keene
 463 Buffalo Bill's Chum.....By Colonel Ralph Fenton
 464 Denver Dan and His Chums.....By "Noname",
 465 The Old Magician.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
 466 The Unknown Scout.....By Zeke Baxter
 467 The Brother's Crime.....By Percy B. St. John
 468 Molly Bland, the Detective....By J. T. Brougham
 469 The League of Blue.....By Paul Spry
 470 Tumbling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus—comic.....By Peter Pad
 471 Mat of the Mountain; or, The Struggle of Desperate Men.....By Allyn Draper
 472 The Picador of Chapultepec.....By Don Jenardo
 473 The Lost Island; or, The Cruise of the "Caroline".....By Colonel J. M. Travers
 474 "27;" or, The House of Many Doors.....By Philip Murdock
 475 The Maxwell Brothers; or, The Chase of a Sea-son.....By Kit Clyde
 476 Stuttering Sam—comic .. By Peter Pad
 477 The Mad Hunter; or, The Mystery of the Beaver Dam.....By Captain Will Dayton
 478 Persimmon Bill; or, the Red Cross of the Cheyenne.....By Don Jenardo
 479 Young Lynx, the Amateur Detective.....By Philip Murdock
 480 Buck Bidwell, the Boy Slayer of the Pawnees. By Lieutenant E. H. Kellogg
 481 Toby, the Spy; or, The Russian Conspirators of Paris.....By a Parisian Detective
 482 The Phantom of the Waves.....By Alexander Armstrong
 483 Denver Dan in New York.....By "Noname"
 484 Tommy Bounce, Jr.; or, A Chip of the Old Block—comic.....By Peter Pad
 485 Washed Ashore; or, Adventures in a Strange Land.....By Harry Rockwood
 486 Charlie Chubbs at College..By Captain Will Dayton
 487 The Irish Claude Duval..By Corporal Morgan Rattler
 488 The Twin Boy Scouts.....By Percy B. St. John
 489 Fair-Weather Jack; or, Life in the Arctic Regions.....By Albert J. Booth
 490 Sumter's Aide..By Capt. Geo. Granville (U. S. A.)
 491 Old Fox; or, The Mystery of the Trunk.....By a Parisian Detective
 492 The Old Thirteen; or, The Union League of Charleston.....By Morris Redwing
 493 Slivershot, the Sport from Sacramento.....By Kit Clyde
 494 The Silent Slayer; or, The Terror of the Chipewas .. By J. G. Bradley
 495 The Irish Claude Duval as a Rebel.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
 496 Astray in the Clouds.....By a Retired Aeronaut
 497 The Shortys Married and Settled Down—a sequel to all the Shorty stories—comic.....By Peter Pad
 498 The Tree of Death.....By an Old Trapper
 499 The Twin Detectives; or, True to Each Other. By Ralph Royal
 500 William Tell, the Dead Shot of the West.....By Harry Enton
 501 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....By James D. Montague
 502 Leon the Outlaw; or, The Avenger of the Death Pass.....By James D. Montague
 503 Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College—comic.....By Peter Pad
 504 Around the World; or, Fighting to Win.....By Harrigan & Hart
 505 Out With the "Jeannette;" or, Two Years Among Icebergs.....By a Herald Reporter
 506 Captain Tom Drake; or, The Young Privateers .. By H. C. Emmet
 507 Fred Ford; or, Life at Boarding-School.....By Captain Will Dayton
 508 Billy Bakkus, the Boy With the Big Mouth—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look
 509 Bow and Arrow Jack, the Indian Nemesis.....By Kit Clyde
 510 Arctic Phil, the Bear-Slayer of the Northern Seas.....By Alex. Armstrong
 511 Fred Baxter, the Wild Horse Tamer.....By J. M. Travers
 512 The rookfield Bank Robbers...by D. W. Stevens
 513 The order Bandits.....by James D. Montague
 514 The Young Sharpshooters of the Rebellion.... by Col. Ralph Fenton
 515 Fighting Joe; or, The Game Man of the Plains .. by Kit Clyde
 516 Invincible Bill. A Wonderful Story of Nevada, California and Utah of 12 Years Ago.... by Alexander Armstrong
 517 Skeleton Gulch; or, Captain Texas and His Band of Vultures.....by J. R. Scott
 518 The Irish Claude Duval as a Privateer.....by Corporal Morgan Rattler
 519 The Wolverine; or, The Count's Treachery. .. by a Parisian Detective
 520 Ben Bolt; or, the Young Blacksmith.....by James D. Montague
 521 From Drummer Boy to General.....by Richard R. Montgomery
 522 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For—comic.....by Peter Pad
 523 Northwoods Tom, the Athlete Hunter..by Kit Clyde
 524 Only a Cabin-Boy; or, Saved by Grit.....by Harry Rockwood
 525 Astray in Africa.....by Walter Fenton
 526 Tiger Ted.....by Alexander Armstrong
 527 Barnum's Boy Ben.....by Commodore Ah-Look
 528 The Black Mask; or, The Vow of Silence.....by T. W. Hanshew
 529 Sou'-west Fred.....by Kit Clyde
 530 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer; a sequel to "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?"—comic.....by Peter Pad
 531 The Drummer Boy Spy; or, the Slaughter of the Wilderness.....by Ralph Morton
 532 The Black Hercules.....by Colonel J. M. Travers
 533 Fireman Dick; or, The Pride of Number 9.... by James D. Montague
 534 The Shortys Out For Fun—comic...by Peter Pad
 535 Red River Bill, the Prince of Scouts..by J. R. Scott
 536 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy Engineers.....by Horace Appleton
 537 The Shortys' Christmas and New Years at Home—comic.....by Peter Pad
 538 Owlface, the River Scourge; or, The Guerrilla's Captive. A Romance of the War in the South-West.....by Captain Phil Jordon
 539 The Spies of the Delaware.....by Kit Clyde
 540 Denver Dan, Jr., and His Band of Deadshots.. .. by "Noname"
 541 Frank Reade and His Steam Man of the Plains; or, The Terror of the West.....by "Noname"
 542 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie.....by Howard De Vere
 543 From Pole to Pole; or, The Sailor Boy Avenger .. by Horace Appleton
 544 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals.....by J. R. Scott
 545 The Boy Captain; or, The Search for a Missing Will.....by Alexander Armstrong
 546 Pickle and Tickle; or, Mishaps and Mischiefs—comic.....by Peter Pad
 547 Fort Hayes; or, Black Eagle, the Avenger.....by Don Jenardo
 548 Noiseless Nat; or, Always Just Where He's Wanted.....by James D. Montague
 549 The Secrets Under the Sea.....by Kit Clyde
 550 Lazy Jake, the Boy Spy of the Rebellion.....by Col. Ralph Fenton
 551 Sam Sharpe at School....By Captain Will Dayton
 552 Privateer Tom—a sequel to "Captain Tom Drake".....by H. C. Emmet
 553 Frank Reade and His Steam Horse..Ly "Noname"
 554 Billy the Bootblack; or, The Trump Card Last .. by Harrigan & Hart
 555 The Rival Scouts.....by J. R. Scott
 556 The Coral Cave; or, Paul Philip's Cruise.....by Horace Appleton
 557 The Army Scout; or, The Mysteries of the West .. by Kit Clyde
 558 Missouri Jack and His Band of "7".....by James D. Montague
 559 Lasso Luke; or, The Three Prairie Pards.... .. by Kit Clyde
 560 Shady Dell Schoor; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life.....by Captain Will Dayton
 561 The Man of Gold; or, Under the Shadow of Crime.....by Horace Appleton
 562 The Mad Man of the North Pole; or, The Boy Mazeppa of the Arctic Seas.....by Kit Clyde
 563 Extree Nick, the New York Newsboy..... .. by Commodore Ah-Look
 564 Oath-bound; or, The Jack of Spades..By J. R. Scott
 565 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn.....By Colonel J. M. Travers
 566 Gassy Hyde; or, The Fire-Boy Fiend of Philadelphia.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
 567 Fred Hazard, the Star of the Circus..... .. by Horace Appleton
 568 Coonskin Kit, the Dashing Government Scout .. by Kit Clyde
 569 Denver Dan, Jr., and the Renegade..By "Noname"
 570 Billy Badger; or, The Mysterious Unknown of the Bank Robbers' Band..By James D. Montague
 571 The Brand of the Desert.....By Walter Fenton
 572 Mail-Car Ned; or, Falsely Accused..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 573 The Maniac Pirate..... .. by Horace Appleton
 574 Smokestack Bob the Hero of the Rail..By J. R. Scott
 575 Nimble Nip; or, The Imp of the School—comic .. by Tom Teaser
 576 King Morgan, the Terror of the Seas..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 577 The Convict's Oath; or, The Prisoner of Van Dieman's Land.....By James D. Montague
 578 The Serpent Queen; or, The Mysterious Night-Riders of Georgia..... .. by Kit Clyde
 579 The Fortune Hunters; or, Two Yankee Boys in Australia..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 580 The Fatal Star..... .. by Horace Appleton
 581 The Bootblack's Plot; or, The Mystery of a Night..... .. by J. R. Scott
 582 Huron Harry; or, The Haunted Skiff..... .. by James D. Montague
 583 Doomed; or, The Secret League of Boston.... .. by James D. Montague
 584 The Maniac Rider; or, The Mystery of Hawkeswood Grange..... .. by Horace Appleton
 585 The Gypsies' Den. A Story of the Romany Race..... .. by Kit Clyde
 586 Matt Merry; or, The Life of the School. by Captain Will Dayton
 587 The Phantom Avenger; or, Dick Darling in.. Montana..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 588 Hugo, the Texan; or, The Demons of the Alamo by J. R. Scott
 589 Lost on the Desert; or, the Guide's Treachery by James D. Montague
 590 The Avengers' League..... .. by "Noname"
 591 The "Sea Wave's" Last Cruise; or, The Pirates' Cave..... .. by Kit Clyde
 592 Cromwell's Boy Spy; or, The Roundheads and the Cavaliers..... .. by Horace Appleton
 593 The Pirate Hermit; or, The Wail's Legacy..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 594 Dick the Shadow; or, The Mysterious Trails of the Backwood..... .. by J. R. Scott
 595 Fighting the Redskins; or, Beaver Bill's Last Trail..... .. by James D. Montague
 596 The Black Domino; or, The Jailer of the Tower..... .. by Kit Clyde
 597 Frank Reade and His Steam Team..By "Noname"
 598 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin—comic..... .. by Commodore Ah-Look
 599 Dead Man's Pond; or, The Black Demon of the Sierras by Horace Appleton
 600 The Tiger of the Seas; or, Forced to be a Pirate by Alexander Armstrong
 601 Harry O'Malley, the Young Irish Invincible... .. by Sergeant O'Donnell
 602 Arkansaw Bill, the Indian Spy..... .. by J. R. Scott
 603 The King of the Deep..... .. by Kit Clyde
 604 Little Death Shot; or, The Gold-hunter's Ghost by James D. Montague
 605 The Magic Mirror..... .. by Don Jenardo
 606 Old Rube, the Ranger..... .. by J. R. Scott
 607 Frank Reade and His Steam Tally-Ho..... .. by "Noname"
 608 Out with Barnum...By Lieutenant E. H. Kellogg
 609 Storm King Dick; or, The Boy Adventurers... .. by Captain Will Dayton
 610 Frank Durham, the King of the Cowboys..... .. by Kit Clyde
 611 Hildebrandt Flitzgum; or, My Quiet Little Cousin—comic..... .. by Tom Teaser
 612 Si Swift, the Prince of Trappers..... .. by James D. Montague
 613 The Hyena Hunters; or, In the Wilds of Africa by Harry Rockwood
 614 The Phantom Pirate; or, The Fatal Oath..... .. by Alexander Armstrong
 615 The Young Fenian Chief
 616 Among the Crocodiles; or, Adventures in India by Harry Rockwood
 617 Lance and Lasso; or, The Young Mustangers of the Plains..... .. by Marline Manly
 618 The Chief of the Delawares..... .. by Kit Clyde
 619 The Shortys Out Fishing—comic.... .. by Peter Pad
 620 Coal Mine Tom; or, Fighting the Molly Maguires..... .. by Sergeant O'Donnell
 621 The Captain of the Nine; or, Always a Leader.. .. by Harry Rockwood
 622 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around the World—comic..... .. by Commodore Ah-Look
 623 Young Putnam; or, Always to the Front..... .. by Harrigan & Hart
 624 Nugget Ned; or, The Mountain Queen's Vengeance..... .. by Morris Redwing
 625 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Steam Wonder..... .. by "Noname"
 626 The Spy of '76"; or, The Green Mountain Boys..... .. by Kit Clyde
 627 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Boat..... .. by "Noname"
 628 Ghouls of Gilt Edge..... .. by Harry Rockwood
 629 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Adventures With His Latest Invention..... .. by "Noname"
 630 The Shortys Out Gunning—comic.... .. by Peter Pad
 631 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Air Ship..By "Noname"
 632 The Young Boy Chief; or, Adventures in the Far West..... .. by Captain Will Dayton
 633 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvel..... .. by "Noname"
 634 The Lighthouse on the Rock... .. by Kit Clyde
 635 Sassy Sam Sumner—a sequel to Sassy Sam—comic..... .. by Commodore Ah-Look
 636 The House of Horrors..... .. by James D. Montague
 637 The Men of the Northwest..By Alexander Armstrong
 638 The Captain's Secret; or, The Wreck of the "Daisy"..... .. by Kit Clyde
 639 Among the Arabs..... .. by Don Jenardo
 640 Garry Galore; or, The Adventures of a Wild Irish Boy at Home and Abroad..... .. by Corporal Morgan Rattler
 641 Cast Up by the Waves..... .. by Alex. Armstrong
 642 The Shortys Farmng—comic. by Peter Pad
 643 Under the Ground; or, The Wild Man of the Cavern. The Strangest Story Ever Told.. .. by Harry Rockwood
 644 Yankee Pete, the Man of Grit..... .. by James D. Montague
 645 Hotspur Harry; or, The Texan Trailers by Alex. Armstrong
 646 Buckskin Burke; or, The Cache of Gold..... .. by Kit Clyde
 647 Guerrillas and Regulars; or, The Cost of Independence..... .. by Col. Ralph Fenton
 648 The Mystery of Dead Man's Castle..... .. by James D. Montague
 649 Mad Pete; or, a Fearful Retribution..By Leon Leroy
 650 Off on a Man-of-War..... .. by Major Walter Wilmet
 651 Frank Reade, Jr., in the Clouds... .. by "Noname"
 654 The Boy Pedestrians; or From California to Maine..... .. by Jas. D. Montague

THE FIVE CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY--Continued.

653 Trapper Against Renegade; or, Life on the Plains..... by Kit Clyde

652 Young Davy Crocket; or, The Hero of Silver Gulch..... by Wild Bill

655 Tom Basswood, the Swamp Hero. By Capt. E. Park

656 A Sailor's Diary..... by Col. Leon Lenoir

657 Frontier Fred..... by Texas Joe

658 Tales of the War..... by J. D. Ballard

659 Wrecked on the Coast of Florida. By Zach Brewster

660 The Boy Mechanic..... by Jas. D. Montague

661 Among the Danites; or, The Price of a Life....
By Kit Clyde

662 New York Nell, the Harbo. Police Boy.....
By Horace Appleton

663 Young Marion, the Patriot Spy of the Revolution..... by Ralph Morton

664 Young America in Egypt; or, The Drummer Boy's Bravery..... by Alexander Armstrong

665 The Shortys' Country Store—comic...By Peter Pad

666 Gunboat Harry; or, The Navy's Best Man.....
By Col. Ralph Fenton

667 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Electric Tricycle, and What He Did for Charity..... by "Noname"

668 Dick Wheel, the Young Roller Skater.....
By Percy B. St. John

669 The Ghostly Bell Ringer..... By Horace Appleton

670 Man-of-War Dick; or, Fighting for the Stars and Bars..... by Ralph Morton

671 The Shark Fighters; or, At War with the Demons Fish..... By Harry Rockwood

672 Sam, Saddle the Wild Horse Tamer.....
By Morris Redwing

673 The Young Arctic Explorers; or, In Search of the North Pole..... By Harry Rockwood

674 Old One Eye, the Trapper Guide of the Northwest..... by "Noname"

675 A Yankee Boy in Mexico..... By Don Jenardo

676 Cast Up; or, Adventures on the Briny Deep.....
By J. T. Brougham

677 Steam-boat Steve, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi..... By Hal Standish

678 The Yankee Boy Whaler..... By Albert J. Booth

679 Little Mike Malloy, the Pride of the Irish Coast.....
By Corp. Morgan Rattler

680 Dick Twilight's School Days.....
By Captain Will Dayton

681 Dick, the Engineer..... By Albert J. Booth

682 The Spy of the Northwest..... By Jas. D. Montague

683 The Pacific Specter..... By Alexander Armstrong

684 The Lost Whaler; or, Adventures of the Northern Seas..... By C. Little

685 Panama Pete; or, The Outlaws of the Isthmus.....
By Hal Standish

686 Sightless Saul, the Mysterious Man of Montana.....
By "Noname"

687 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag—comic.....
By Peter Pad

688 A Struggle for Fame; or, Fighting Against Fate..... By H. K. Shackleford

689 Jack Hawser's Tavern—comic.... By Peter Pad

690 Black Diamond Bill; or, The Hero of the Coal Mines..... By Ralph Royal

691 A Boy With Grit, and How He Made His Fortune..... By Captain Will Dayton

692 Jack Stowaway; or, Bound to be a Tar.....
By Howard De Vere

693 The Sunken City. A Tale of Mexico.....
By H. K. Shackleford

694 Royal Dick; or, Standing by His Chums.....
By Hal Standish

695 Wing and Wing; or, The Young Captain of the Flyaway..... By Kit Clyde

696 Dick Davit, the American Boy Middy..... By C. Little

697 Frank Reade, Jr., With His Air-Ship in Africa.....
By "Noname"

698 Trusty Joe, the Brave Old Scout...By "Noname"

699 Found at Sea; or, The Secret of a Boy's Life.....
By Hal Standish

700 Little Ned, the Leader of the School.....
By Captain Will Dayton

701 Will o' the Wisp; or, The Wild Man of the Coast..... by Kit Clyde

702 Acrobat Ned, the Prince of the Air....by C. Little

703 Jack, the Wrecker's Son; or, Adventures on the Coast..... by J. T. Brougham

704 The Fire Bugs of Chicago....by Jas. D. Montague

705 Lighthouse No. 6; or, The Ghost of the Sea....
by Allyn Draper

706 The Wolf-Fighters; or, The Adventures of Two New York Boys in Minnesota.....
by Howard De Vere

707 Railroad Larry; or, Always in on Time.....
by Albert J. Booth

708 Bound Together; or, The Young Fire Laddies of Springdale..... by Robert Lennox

709 Two Weeks on a Wreck; or, Abandoned in Mid Ocean..... by Hal Standish

710 The Jolly Travelers; or, Around the World for Fun—comic..... by Peter Pad

711 The Haunted Pioneer; or, Fighting for Texas.....
by "Noname"

712 Leaves From a Diary; or, A Young Clerk's Downfall.....
by H. K. Shackleford

713 Boone and the Renegade; or, Life in Kentucky..... by Kit Clyde

714 Before the Mast; or, A Sailor Boy's Travels in Many Seas..... by Jas. D. Montague

715 Monaco, the Jaguar Hunter..... by Hal Standish

716 From Page to Senator; or, Working his Way Up..... by H. K. Shackleford

717 Judge Cleary's Country Court—comic.....
by Tom Teaser

718 Old Rough and Ready; or, The Heroine of Monterey.....
by "Noname"

719 Fire Bell Dick; or, The Rival Hoot and Ladders.....
by Robert Lennox

720 Kidnapped; or, Forced on a Man o' War....
by J. G. Bradley

721 Jack o' the Plains; or, The Headless Mazeppa..... by Paul Braddon

722 The Prisoners of the Castle; or, A Blow for Freedom..... by Jas. D. Montague

723 Muldoon, the Sport—comic..... by Tom Teaser

724 A Newsboy's Trip Around the World.....
by H. K. Shackleford

725 In Dixie; or, A War Correspondent's Thrilling Adventures..... by Col. Ralph Fenton

726 The Skeleton Sentinel....by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg

727 Muldoon's Vacation—comic..... by Tom Teaser

728 The Valleydale Social Club; or, Ruined by Wine.....
by H. K. Shackleford

729 Davy Crockett's Vow; or, His Last Shot for Vengeance..... by Kit Clyde

730 Keeping His Word; or, "Lucky" Landy's Pluck..... by Jas. D. Montague

731 Young Tom Drake; or, Bound to be a Captain..... By the Author of "Privateer Tom" etc., etc.

732 The Mystic Maiden; or, Through Deadly Dangers..... by Corp. Morgan Rattler

733 The Exiled Prince; or, Two Boy Explorers in Alaska..... by J. G. Bradley

734 Pilot Boat No. 7 and Its American Boy Captain.....
by Kit Clyde

735 In the Wild West; or, On The Plains With Buffalo Bill..... by Robert Maynard

736 A Sailor Boy's Kingdom; or, Young America In the South Sea Islands.. by H. K. Shackleford

737 The Forest Mystery..... by Jas. D. Montague

738 Beaver Ben; or, Three Voyagers in the Yellowstone.....
by Kit Clyde

739 A Waif from the Sea; or, Flung from the Foam..... by Thomas P. Murray

740 The Book Agent's Luck—comic..... by "Ed"

741 Dandy Rock, the Man from Texas.....
by D. W. Stevens

742 Near the Gallows; or, A Young Man's Peril.....
by R. T. Emmet

743 Dick Daunt the Diver; or, Down Among the Sponge-Cutters.....
by J. G. Bradley

744 Across the Continent on Wings; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flight..... by "Noname"

745 Lost in an Unknown Sea; or, Adventures Under the Earth.....
by Jas. D. Montague

746 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks—comic.....
by Peter Pad

747 Dick Walton Among the Cannibals.....
by W. I. James, Jr.

748 The Six Swordsmen; or, The Boy Cavalier....
by Richard R. Montgomery

749 The Mutineers; or, Dick Walton in the South Seas.....
by W. I. James, Jr.

750 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring Mexico in His New Air-Ship.....
by "Noname"

751 The Fighting Twins; or, The Cavaliers of Mystery.....
by Richard R. Montgomery

752 Five Dollars; or, A Cheap Revenge.....
by Percy B. St. John

753 Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure—comic.....
by Tom Teaser

754 Old Grudge, the Scout; or, The Castle on the Lake.....
by "Noname"

755 Young Sam Patch, the Champion Boy Jumper.....
by H. K. Shackleford

756 Little Jack and His Twenty Boy Firemen.....
by Robert Lennox

757 Dick Spray; or, A Stowaway's Trip to China.....
by J. G. Bradley

758 Barnum's Hunters; or, Trapping Wild Animals for the Greatest Show on Earth.....
By Richard R. Montgomery

759 The Seven Masks; or, The Quaker City League.....
By Percy B. St. John

760 Muldoon's Night School—comic...by Tom Teaser

761 The Unlucky Miner; or, The Rivals for Dead Man's Claim.....
by Paul Braddon

762 Cal, the Cowboy; or, The Young King of Las-sosers.....
by D. W. Stevens

763 His First Drink; or A Country Boy's Life in New York.....
by H. K. Shackleford

764 The Czar's Boy Mail-Carrier; or, Young America in Russia.....
by C. Little

765 Trappers and Trailers; or, Battles With the Red Men.....
by "Noname"

766 On the Queen's Service..... by J. G. Bradley

767 Tick Tack, the Messenger Boy; or, Sharp Work for a Million.....
by Robert Lennox

768 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure—comic..... by Peter Pad

769 A Lost Boy; or Homely Jack's Luck.....
by R. T. Emmet

770 The Black Rider. A Story of the Revolution.....
By Ralph Morton

771 A Week Above the Clouds; or, Cast Adrift in a Balloon.....
by Hal Standish

772 The Young Moonlighter; or, An American Boy in Ireland.....
by J. T. Brougham

773 Dashing Del, the Knight of the Knife; or, The Maniac Father.....
by Paul Braddon

774 Little Matt, the Pilot; or, The Perils of the Lake.....
by C. Little

775 The Irish Boy Monte Cristo.....
by Corp. Morgan Rattler

776 A Cruise Among Pirates; or, The Blue-beards of the Sea.....
by Kit Clyde

777 The Little Joker—comic.....
by Sam Smiley

778 The Two Runaways; or, The Hardships of a Circus Life.....
by Hal Standish

779 The School-boys' League; or, Working His Way Against Odds.....
by Robert Lennox

780 Lucky Lal, the Newsboy; or, Climbing the Ladder of Fame.....
by C. Little

781 Lost in the Land of Snow; or, Two American Boys in the Arctic.....
by R. T. Emmet

782 Coal Mine Kit; or, The Mule Boy of Diamond Shaft.....
by Percy B. St. John

783 The Band of 12; or, The Knights of the Trail...
by Paul Braddon

784 Muldoon the Fireman—comic..... by Tom Teaser

785 Diving for Gold..... by Kit Clyde

786 The 12 Owls; or, The Secret Band of Chicago.....
by Paul Braddon

787 The Fire King; or The Yankee Boy Explorer.....
by R. T. Emmet

788 The Boy Bank Messenger; or, Brave Bob Bradshaw's Secret Foe.....
by C. Little

789 His Last Cent; or, How Joe Dutton Made His Fortune.....
by H. K. Shackleford

790 Born to be a Sailor; or, Bob Dare's Life on the Water.....
by Kit Clyde

791 The Electric Man; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Australia.....
by "Noname"

792 Satan; or, The Mystery of Ten Years.....
by Howard De Vere

793 Those Quiet Twins—comic..... by Peter Pad

794 The Czar's Messenger; or, The Burning of Moscow.....
by R. T. Emmet

795 A Soldier at 16; or, Fighting for the Union ...
by C. Little

796 Teddy of the Toll Gate; or, The Man With the Green Shades.....
By Corp. Morgan Rattler

797 The Mayflower Boys; or, Life in a Yankee School.....
by Percy B. St. John

798 The Young Snow Trailers; or, Big Track, the Giant Moose Hunter.....
by Paul Braddon

799 Denny the Clown. A Story of Circus Life in Ireland.....
by Corporal Morgan Rattler

800 On the Rail; or, Perils in the Life of a Young Engineer.....
by Albert J. Booth

801 3,000 Miles on a Bicycle; or, A Race Across the Continent.....
by C. Little

802 Fearless Phil; or, The Hero of Rugged Rift.....
by Paul Braddon

803 The Shorty's Christmas Rackets—comic.....
by Peter Pad

804 Claim 4; or, The Hunchback of Placer Pocket.....
by "Noname"

805 The Miser's Son; or, In Search of Hidden Gold.....
by H. K. Shackleford

806 The Waifs of New York.....
by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)

807 Brian the Bear; or, The Pranks of a Wild Irish Boy.....
by Corporal Morgan Rattler

808 The Haunted Bell Tower; or, The Hidden Mystery.....
by Percy B. St. John

809 Two Years on an Island of Ice...by Albert J. Booth

810 A Bootblack's Luck.....
by C. Little

811 Around the World in a Balloon; or, Thousands of Miles Through the Air.....
by R. T. Emmet

812 The Fur Hunters of Winnipeg...by Paul Braddon

813 Six Weeks Under Ground.....
by Kit Clyde

814 The President's Boy; or, The Hero of the White House.....
by H. K. Shackleford

815 The Electric Horse; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Father in Search of the Lost Treasure of the Peruvians.....
by "Noname"

816 Lion Luke, the Boy Animal Tamer.....
by Percy B. St. John

817 Carillo, the Corsair; or, The Mysterious Monarch of the Mediterranean.....
by J. G. Bradley

818 Fearless Phil's Chase.....
by Paul Braddon

819 The Ghost of the School-House.....
by C. Little

820 The Young Avenger; or, The Knight of the Silk Mask.....
by "Noname"

821 Up and Down; or, The Life of an Elevator Boy.....
by Percy B. St. John

822 Dick the Middy; or, A Boy's Life on a Man-o'-War.....
by J. G. Bradley

823 Footlight Fred the Boy Actor; or, Bound to be a Star.....
by N. S. Wood

824 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun—comic.....
by Peter Pad

825 The Secret of the Tattooed Map...by R. T. Emmet

826 Custer's Little Dead Shot; or, The Boy Scout of the Little Big Horn.....
by "Noname"

827 A Queer Race. The Story of a Strange People by William Westall

828 Kit Carson's Boy Trapper.....
by Paul Braddon

829 Slippery Ben, the Boy Spy of the Revolution...
by Corp. Morgan Rattler

830 Paddy Miles' Luck; or, The Irish Boy Miner.....
by Corp. Morgan Rattler

831 The Boy Fish; or, Little Dick the Diver.....
by R. T. Emmet

832 Ben the Bowsman; or, Adventures in the Montezuma Swamp.....
by C. Little

833 The Mastodon's Cave; or, Two Wide Awake Boys in the Far West.....
by Percy B. St. John

834 The Boy Stage Driver; or, The Hero of Rocky Pass.....
by Paul Braddon

835 From Newsboy Up; or, A New York Boy in Business.....
by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)

836 Alone in the Wild West; or, A New York Boy's Search for Buffalo Bill.....
by R. T. Emmet

837 The Secret of the Sealed Gold Mines...by "Noname"

838 Little Blondin, the Tight-Rope Walker...by C. Little

839 From New York to San Francisco in a Catamaran.....
by John Sherman

840 A Young Jay Gould; or, A Boy Among the Money Kings.....
by H. K. Shackleford

841 Only an Errand Boy; or, Getting Up in the World.....
by R. T. Emmet

842 Jack Ready's School Scrapes—comic...by Peter Pad

843 The Ice-Boat Boys; or, Cruising on Frozen Waters in the Northwest.....
by C. Little

844 Little Blind Joe; or, The Sharks of New York.....
by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)

845 Young Ironclad, the Boy Gunner...by John Sherman

846 The Boy Gold Hunters; or, Young New York in California.....
by R. T. Emmet

847 The Shorty's in the Wild West—comic...by Peter Pad

848 Billy the Bugler. A Story of Governor's Island and New York.....
by C. Little

849 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Chase Through the Clouds.....
by "Noname"

850 A Lucky Boy; or, The Mystery of an Iron Chest.....
by R. T. Emmet

Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT WIDE A

851 My Friend Smith.....	by Talbot Baines Reed	908 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling—comic.	9
852 The Boy Crusoes; or, The Young Castaways of the Pacific.....	by St. George Rathborne	909 Velvet Van; or, Deadly Grip and His Demon Band.....	9
853 Jerry the Tumbler; or, The Wonder of the Ring.....	by Corporal Morgan Rattler	910 A Smart New York Boy; or, From Poverty to Wealth.....	9
854 Ned, the Bound Boy; or, Through 100 Miles of Foes.....	by C. Little	911 Foretop Tom; or, A Yankee Sailor Boy Among the Malay Pirates.....	9
855 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Team.....	by "Noname"	912 Bulger Boom, the Inventor—comic.	9
856 The Shortys' Christmas Snaps—comic.....	by Peter Pad	913 Out in the Streets. A Story of High and Low Life in New York.....	9
857 Two Waifs; or, Afloat in New York.....	by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)	914 The Swamp Demon; or, Lost For Two Years	9
858 Fearless Phil in Disguise; or, The Tiger's Last Plot.....	by Paul Braddon	915 Denver Dan, Jr., the Stage Driver; or, The Mystery of Golden Gulch.....	9
859 A Southern Boy in New York; or, Bound to Make His Money.....	by H. K. Shackleford	916 M'ldoon's Brother Dan—comic.	9
860 Steamboat Billy; or, The State-Room Secret..		917 Buffalo Bill's Boy Broncho Breaker; or, The Youngest Hero on the Plains..	9
861 The Boy Lion Tamers; or, Adventures in Africa		918 A Sailor at Fifteen; or, From Cabin Boy to Captain.....	9
862 Out With Kit Carson. A Story of the Early Days of Kansas.....	by R. T. Emmet	919 Henpecked—comic.....	9
863 The Boy Samson; or, Taking Care of Himself.....	by C. Little	920 Homeless Hal; or, A Poor Boy's Life in a Great City.....	9
864 The Boy From New York; or, A Fight for Five Millions.....	by Percy B. St. John	921 Wild Bill's Boy Partner; or, The Redskins' Gold Secret.....	9
865 Smart & Co. the Boy Peddlers—comic.....	by Peter Pad	922 Muldoon's Christmas—comic.	9
866 A Chicago Boy; or, Up From the Lowest.....	By John Sherman	923 Captain Jack the Pirate's Foe; or, The Devil-fish of the Indies.....	9
867 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education—comic.....	by Tom Teaser	924 A Bad Boy at School—comic.....	9
868 The Boy Telegraph-Operator; or, The Mystery of a Midnight Message....	by Col. Ralph Fenton	925 Mr. McGinty—comic.....	9
869 Dick Boldhero; or, The Strange Adventures of a Young Yankee Sailor.....	Written by Himself	926 Lineman Joe, the Boy Telegraph Climber.....	9
870 Garry the Greenhorn; or, From Stowaway to Senator.....	by Corporal Morgan Rattler	927 Shipped to China; or, The Life of a Runaway Boy.....	9
871 From Errand Boy to Lawyer; or, Bound to be at the Top.....	by R. T. Emmet	928 Searching for Stanley; or Tom Stevens' Adventures in Africa.....	9
872 Bob Allen's Ranch; or, A Cattle King at 17....	by C. Little	929 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play—comic.....	9
873 Behind the Scenes; or, Out with a New York Combination—comic.....	by Peter Pad	930 Young Magic; or, The Boy with a Chained Life.....	9
874 A Boy Among the White Caps; or, A Victim of the Lash.....	by Paul Braddon	931 Muldoon Out West—comic.....	9
875 General Washington's Boy; or, The Youngest Soldier in the Revolution.....	by Ralph Morton	932 The Boy Treasure Hunters; or, Searching for Lost Money.....	9
876 Pawnee Bill and the Oklahoma Boomers.....	by Geo. W. Goode	933 Senator Muldoon—comic.....	9
877 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for a Sunken Ship; or, Working for the Government.	by "Noname"	934 Sam Johnson, the Negro Detective, by Harry Ka	9
878 Young Captain Tom Drake; or, In Search of the Pirate's Home.....	by the Author of "Captain Tom Drake," etc.	935 Frank Reade, Jr., in the Far West; or, The Search for a Lost Gold Mine....	9
879 A Bad Boy's Note Book—comic.....	by "Ed"	936 The Waif of Mystery Island; or, The Adventures of a Boy Who Was Kidnapped.....	9
880 The Young Railroad King; or, From Brakeman to President.....	by Col. Ralph Fenton	937 The Mystery of the Sealed Door; or, The Oldest House in New York.....	9
881 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun—comic	by Peter Pad	938 Island No. 7; or, The Pirates of Lake Michigan	9
882 Lost on the Atlantic.....	by Howard De Vere	939 Our Landlord; or, Life in French Flats—comic	9
883 Monitor Matt; or, The Giant of the Waves. A Story of the Great Rebellion...	by Ralph Morton	940 From Jockey to Judge; or, The Boy Who Was Always Ahead.....	9
884 The Boy Rovers; or, The Adventures of Two Plucky Boys.....	by C. Little	941 Alone in New York; or, Ragged Rob the News boy.	9
885 His Own Boss; or, The Boy Captain of Cat-head Lake.....	by Percy B. St. John	942 The Boy Express Messenger; or, Fighting the Train Robbers.....	9
886 Braving the Flood; or, The Plucky Fight of Two Johnstown Boys.....	by R. T. Emmet	943 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins—comic.....	9
887 Muldoon the Solid Man—comic....	by Tom Teaser	944 The Limbless Hunter; or, Si Slocum's Revenge	9
888 The Boy Star; or, From the Footlights to Fortune.....	by N. S. Wood	945 The Boy in Red; or, The Czar's Masked Messenger.....	9
889 The Young Commander; or, A New York Boy in the Southern War.....	by Ralph Morton	946 Adrift in the Antarctic; or, Two Years on the Continent of Ice.....	9
890 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of it—comic.....	by Tom Teaser	947 The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York—cor	9
891 The Soldier's Son; or, The Secret of the House of Eight Pines. A Story of New York...	by C. Little	948 Pawnee Bill; or, The White Chief's First V Trail.....	9
892 Satin Sam the Young Western Sport.....	by Paul Braddon	949 The Boy Showman; or, A Circus Manager Sixteen.....	9
893 The Funny Four—comic.....	by Peter Pad	950 Tip Top Teddy, the Young Foretopman; Four Years Before the Mast....	9
894 The White Queen of the Aztecs; or, Two Yankee Boys in Mexico.....	by R. T. Emmet	951 Mrs. Brown's Boarding-House—comic...	9
895 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village—comic.....	by Tom Teaser	952 The Boy Sheriff, or, The Regulars of Valley.....	9
896 The Boy Slave of the Galley; or, The Mystery of the Treasure Ship.....	by Percy B. St. John	953 The Buried Gold Ship; or, The Sailor's Ghost.....	9
897 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack—comic.....	by Tom Teaser	954 Our Future President; or, The Oak That Grew From the Acorn—comic.....	9
898 Two Years With a Pirate; or, The Phantom Ship of the Gold Coast.....	by J. G. Bradley	955 General Crook's Boy Guide; or, The Indian Fighter's Black Hills Trail....	9
899 Muldoon's Boarding House—comic.	by Tom Teaser	956 Three Yankee Boys in Africa; or, The Congo.....	9
900 The Boy Diamond King; or, The Young Monte Christo of New York.....	by C. Little	957 The Boy Surveyor; or, Running Out a Road in the Indian Country...	9
901 Ikey; or, He Never Got Lest—comic.	by Tom Teaser	958 Rob Rounds, the Young Fireman....	9
902 The Armorer's Son; or, The Mystery of the Tower of London.....	by Allyn Draper	959 Muldoon's Base Ball Club—comic.	9
903 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp Smart & Sassy—comic.....	by Tom Teaser	960 Fair-Weather Frank, the Dashing Sailor	9
904 Dick Geraway; or, Fighting for a Fortune....	by Corporal Morgan Rattler	961 Eagle Dan the Boy Hermit of the Rocki	9
905 Tom Quick, the Avenger of the Delaware....	by R. T. Emmet	962 Captain Lewis, the Pirate.....	9
906 Sam Switch the Boy Engineer; or, Beginning at the Bottom.....	by Albert J. Booth	963 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston—	9
907 Daring. Dave the Diver; or, The Prince of Swimmers.....	by C. Little	964 Harry Horton; or, From a Waiter to a	9
		aire.....	9
		965 The Prairie Post Boy; or, The Scalp I of Apache Land.....	9

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, 0 price, 10 cents. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publ